The Relief Society Magazine

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly publication of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

VOL. 34, NO. 11 NOVEMBER 1947

ALL THAT LIFTS TO BEAUTY

Berta H. Christensen

We thank thee Lord for the intangibles
We cannot weigh or hold within the hand,
Yet are as integral to life as breath,
And less elusive than the shore's white sand.

Thanks for the faith that goes with every seed
Into the quietly receptive loam,
For faith that lights a candle in the dark
Of windows, for a loved one coming home.

For truth, which is not bounded by a line,
Or margined by the years. Beyond the scars
Of doubt and disillusionment, it lives
Lasting and bright as the eternal stars.

Thanks for the tender reach of thought; the dream
Of spring beyond the ice-encrusted tree;
For laughter in a baby's eyes, and all
That lifts the heart to beauty—thanks to thee!

The Cover: "Spires"—Photograph taken on Mount Timpanogos, Utah, by Willard Luce.

A Perry Picture

PILGRIM'S MONUMENT, PLYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS

The Joys of Welfare Service

Elder Marion G. Romney

Assistant to the Council of the Twelve and Assistant Managing Director, Church Welfare

(Delivered at the Officers Meeting of the Annual Relief Society General Conference held in the Assembly Hall, Thursday morning, October 2, 1947.)

PRESIDENT Spafford and counselors, members of the Relief Society General Board, and my beloved sisters from the stakes and missions of the Church: I deem it a high privilege to be requested to participate in your annual Relief Society conference. I sincerely thank you for the invitation and I pray that the spirit of the Lord will direct me, both in what I shall say to you and in the spirit in which I shall say it.

I love the Relief Society workers throughout the Church. I enjoy working with them. They give enthusiasm, spirit, and refinement to the things they touch. One of the great joys which come to me in my Welfare service is the association I have with the General Presidency of the Relief Society—Sister Spafford, Sister Sharp, and Sister Garff—and the members of the Relief Society General Board. I am persuaded that they are among the elect daughters of our Heavenly Father. They are able and accomplished women, and they have the spirit of the gospel of Jesus Christ in their souls, which clothes them with charity, humility, and willing and obedient spirits.

Not only do I love the Relief Society workers, but I love the Relief Society work, particularly that part of it which distinguishes the Relief Society's assignment from those given to other Church auxiliary organizations. This assignment, in the words of the Prophet Joseph Smith, "is the relief of the poor, the destitute, the widow and the orphan, and the exercise of all benevolent purposes," for, said he, "the best measure of or principle to bring the poor to repentance is to administer to their wants. The Ladies' Relief Society is not only to relieve the poor but to save souls." To accomplish this, he said, the Relief Society sisters "will pour in oil and wine to the wounded heart of the distressed. They will dry up the tears of the orphans and make the widow's heart to rejoice."

Preliminary to the accomplishment of this assignment is the arduous task of providing clothing, food and fuel for those in need. In large measure this is done on Welfare production projects. I would like to make a little explanation about the relationship of the Relief Society to this production program and their responsibility in it.

THE annual Church-wide Welfare production budget is prepared by the General Church Welfare Committee. The committee is guided by the First Presidency of the Church. They (the members of the First Presidency) approve the budget (1) as to its nature (that is, as to the things included in it), (2) as to its size (that is, the quan-

tities to be produced), (3) as to where it is to be produced, and (4) as to the general manner in which it is to be produced. All three members of the First Presidency have already met with members of the General Committee and its staff, the Presiding Bishopric, and the General Relief Society Presidency, and have so approved the proposed Church-wide production budget for 1948. In the office of the General Committee that budget is now being readied for presentation to the Welfare regions and the stakes and wards of the Church.

I tell you these things that you may know with what care the Welfare work of the Church is directed, and that it receives the personal attention of the First Presidency of the Church, as do the missionary work, salvation for the dead, and the other great Church programs. It is part and parcel of the fundamental program of the Church for the salvation and exaltation of its members.

Among the most valued advisers to the General Church Welfare Committee in the preparation of the budget is the General Presidency of the Relief Society and their Board. Particularly is this true with respect to food and clothing. They prepared the food distribution guide from which we work out the food budget. They advised as to what clothing items should be placed on the budget for production, and as to the manner in which and where they should be produced. It is my personal hope that they will soon be given a greater responsibility than they have hitherto borne in supervising the production of clothing for the Welfare Program, because while most of it is well done and looks like Relief Society work, some of it does not measure up to that high standard.

From the foregoing it is clear that the general officers of the Relief Society have a great deal to do with the preparation of the Welfare production budget. They do not, however, take that budget direct to stake and ward Relief Societies. The assignments to these organizations reach them over the following route:

Under the direction of the General Committee, a fair portion of the Church-wide budget is accepted for production by each of the nineteen Welfare regions of the Church. (Stakes not in regions receive their budgets direct from the General Committee. Welfare production in the missions is directed by the mission presidents, pursuant to instructions from the General Committee given in special bulletins dealing with Welfare work in the missions.)

Representing the regions in accepting the regional budget are the regional council (consisting of all the stake presidents in the region), the regional bishops' council (consisting of the chairman of the respective stake bishops' councils in the region), and the stake Relief Society presidents of the stakes in the region. These people should be careful to make sure that the regional budget as accepted is consistent with the natural resources and prevailing conditions controlling production in the region, as also with the established Welfare production projects and other facilities already set up or in the making within the region.

UNDER a similar procedure, each stake in the region accepts a fair portion of the regional budget, and

each ward in the stake accepts a fair portion of the budget of the stake.

Let me here emphasize the fact, which is apparent from what has already been said, that Welfare production assignments, whether on a Church-wide, regional, stake or ward basis, come through the regular Welfare organization and not from the general Church officers of the respective organizations which receive production assignments; that is to say, for example, the ward Relief Society officers should receive their assignments for ward sewing and food processing projects from the ward Welfare committee of which the bishop is chairman, and not from the stake Relief Society officers, and the stake Relief Society officers should receive an assignment for a stake-wide sewing or food processing project from the stake Welfare committee, of which the stake president is chairman, and not from the general Relief Society officers.

Photograph submitted by Hilda M. Richards

DISPLAY OF QUILTS MADE BY THE RELIEF SOCIETIES OF THE EAST CENTRAL STATES MISSION

Standing in the rear, left to right: Neva Wright, mission secretary; Mable Wallron, mission stenographer; Evelyn Tate, mission bookkeeper; Thora Swallow, mission recorder. At right, Sister Hilda M. Richards, President, East Central States Mission Relief Society.

The quota for this mission was thirty quilts, but eighty, very beautiful and well-made quilts, were received.

In this procedure, however, the Relief Society officers have a vital function at every step. The General Relief Society officers advise with the General Church Welfare Committee in the preparation of the Church-wide budget; the respective stake Relief Society presidents in each region advise with the regional council and bishops' regional council in accepting from the General Committee the regional production budget; each stake Relief Society presidency advises with the stake presidency and other members of the stake Welfare committee in accepting from the regional council the stake production budget; and each ward Relief Society presidency advises with the ward bishopric and other ward Welfare committee members in accepting from the stake Welfare committee the portion of the stake budget which is to be produced in the ward.

A few budget items, as determined by the General Church Welfare Committee, are produced on a Church-wide basis, such as flour and cereals and evaporated milk. Some, as determined by the regional officers with the approval of the General Committee, are produced on a regional basis, such as fresh milk in the Jordan Valley Region and citrus fruits in the Southern California Region. Others, as determined by the stake and ward officers, are produced on a stake basis. The bulk of Welfare production, however, is, as it should be, done on ward Welfare projects. These projects, under the direction of the ward bishop, should be determined upon and given direction by the ward Welfare committee. In the ward Welfare committee meeting, at which all three members of the ward Relief Society presidency are to be present, should be determined what these ward projects are to be, where they are to be established, how they are to be financed, and who is to do the volunteer work to insure their success. Always it must be kept in mind that those receiving support through the Welfare Program are to work on these and other projects to the extent of their ability.

IN most instances the responsibility for the sewing budget, which includes clothing and bedding, as also the responsibility for a good deal of the work in processing foods, is assigned to the ward Relief Society officers. This is as it should be, because the responsibility for the financing and for the work necessary in producing the clothing and food for the ward Welfare budget should be borne by the men and boys and the women and girls of the ward in about the same proportion as is done in a family. I have in mind, of course, a well-balanced and well-regulated Latter-day Saint family, not a primitive family where the women do it all, nor one in which there is no sewing machine and no needles, and in which the only kitchen utensil is a commercial can opener.

In discharging this responsibility I feel that the Relief Society officers —general, stake, and ward—should fully understand and keep in mind that they may call upon all the women and girls of the ward to lend a hand in this budget production work. By no means are they limited to the regular attenders at the Relief Society meetings. Many Primary Associations and some Young Women's Mutual Improvement As-

sociations have inquired as to what they can do to help. Use them and the other organizations of women and girls as the wisdom of the bishopric and yourselves dictate, and then give all the women and girls individually, if they have not been reached through an organization, an opportunity to work at the cannery, the sewing center, or some other project. If they are unable to go to such projects, take some work to their homes. Remember that these projects are ward-wide assignments.

I cannot say too much for what the women of the Church, under your leadership, have already done in this program. I am sure that your record is unequaled. I would be surprised to learn that any production assignment properly entrusted to Relief Society officers had failed because of reasons within their control. They uniformly get it done.

I would like, however, to discuss briefly with you procedures in getting it done. The most important thing in the Church Welfare Program is people—not people in the mass, but individual men, women, and children. It is for their salvation that the Welfare Program was inaugurated, and for their salvation it persists. Announcing the appointment of the General Church Welfare Committee and the inauguration of the Welfare Plan, the First Presidency of the Church did not say that their primary purpose was to produce the necessities of

Photograph submitted by Reta Broadbent

WELFARE SEWING EXHIBIT, THIRTY-THIRD WARD, BONNEVILLE STAKE
April 29, 1947

Front row seated, left to right: Maude Mellville; Harriett Worthington; Ida Johnson; Ella and Lynette Hunter.

Back row, standing, left to right: Elizabeth Stevens; Fannie Nuttall, First Counselor; Alida Larsen; Bretta Johansen; Margaret Burns; Reta Broadbent, President.

Included in this ward's Welfare sewing were thirty children's dresses, sixty-one pajama suits, and many other articles.

life for the needy, although such production was then and is now a major part of the program. But they said, and I quote:

> Our primary purpose was to set up, insofar as it might be possible, a system under which the curse of idleness would be done away with, the evils of a dole abolished, and independence, industry, thrift, and self-respect be once more established amongst our people.
>
> The aim of the Church is to help the people to help themselves. Work is to be re-enthroned as the ruling principle of the lives of our Church membership.

TO carry on our production program and all other Welfare activities in a manner which will make a maximum contribution toward the realization of these fixed objectives is at once our greatest task and our major challenge. To collect cash and purchase wearing apparel, quilts, and blankets and turn them in to the bishops' storehouse before the end of January, is one way in which budget assignments have been met. Another, and a very much better way is to purchase the required materials with money provided for at the ward Welfare meeting, and then have the already overworked, faithful attenders at Relief Society meetings make them up on regular work and business days and on special work days. In either of these ways the needed clothing and bedding can be placed at the bishop's disposal for distribution to the needy.

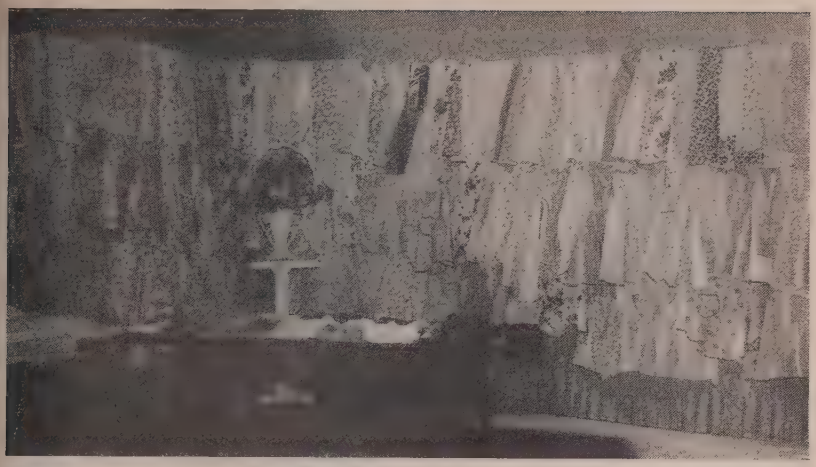
But neither of such procedures does anything to help the families who will use the purchased and Relief Society made items, avoid the curse of idleness, or abolish the evils of a dole, nor to develop within themselves independence, industry, thrift, or self-respect. They do nothing toward re-enthroning work as the ruling principle of their lives. These exalting objectives can be promoted only by putting the consumer in the way of helping himself.

Do not misunderstand me. I am not advocating the abandoning of these procedures now in use, at least not the one through which the Relief Society sisters do the sewing. I know that for the present, at least, the major part of the sewing budget will have to be met in this way. I recommend, however, as already suggested, that every effort be made to bring all women of the ward into the producing programs, whether they are active Relief Society members or not. This will lighten the load on the faithful few, and it will give opportunity for our sisters who have not learned to sew to be taught. Every Latter-day Saint woman should be taught and should learn how to sew and cook, and should become accomplished in all the arts of homemaking. In the revelation which the Prophet Joseph Smith said embraces the law of the Church the Lord said:

> And again, thou shalt not be proud in thy heart; let all thy garments be plain, and their beauty the beauty of the work of thine own hands; and let all things be done in cleanliness before me (D. & C. 42:40-41).

THEN, too, it will give all an opportunity to get the spirit of Church Welfare and to be warmed up with the joy of service. It will do much to build unity among the sisters of the ward, which I feel should be one of the objectives of the Relief Society.

I call to mind an instance when a ward Relief Society president repeatedly visited and invited an ina-



Photograph submitted by LaVon Stuart

NORTH DAVIS STAKE WELFARE SEWING EXHIBIT
June 28, 1947

This photograph shows only one booth of the extensive display of beautifully fashioned clothing and other high-quality articles completed for this assignment. Other booths included many fine quilts, blankets, blouses, and women's and children's clothing.

tive ward member to Relief Society meetings. The member consistently replied that she was not interested and did not have the time, but the Relief Society president was persistent. She said to the member, "Well, if you cannot come yourself, will you let us borrow your sewing machine?" Assent was given to this request and the president promised to call for the machine on the following work and business day. When she called, the member was prepared to go along with the machine and help out with the sewing. It turned out that she was an accomplished seamstress. She enjoyed the work and her association with the other sisters. The next year, when the ward Relief Society sewing director was called by the bishop into another office, this member was in line to be the sewing director.

I am sure you could all relate out of your own experiences incidents which would illustrate the great possibilities for the development of the women of the Church in the sewing, canning, and other activities of the Welfare budget production program. What I desire particularly to impress upon your minds at this time, however, is the urgency that you give more and an ever increasing amount of earnest and prayerful attention and effort to placing the needy in the way of helping themselves by providing ways for them to do more and more of this production work. Invite them to the sewing centers and let them work along with the rest of the women of the ward. The women of the Church

should be one great sisterhood of equals.

Give women whose support comes from Welfare production work right through the year. They will feel happier with a full-time job and they will then be in fact self-sustaining. In some cases sisters will not be able to leave their homes. Take work to them. At a recent stake conference I learned of a woman past ninety years of age who was knitting mittens for the Welfare Program at her home. The Relief Society kept her supplied with yarn and she kept happy and contented in the realization that, instead of living on a dole, she was self-sustaining in useful service provided through the Lord's great Welfare Plan.

I call to mind a young mother left a widow with a family of small children. She was unhappy because, to earn a livelihood, she was required to leave her children at home alone during the daytime. Her desire was to stay at home where she could teach and train her children, and at the same time provide a living for them. Arrangements were made through the Church Welfare Program to place a sewing machine in her home. She was supplied with materials for a large part of the sewing budget, including the needs of her own family, and she worked at home sewing as her time would permit, throughout the whole year. She had fully earned all that she had received.

I could give more illustrations, but these two will suggest others to your minds. The opportunities are limitless. The ingenuity of the Relief Society sisters, if applied with all their hearts, will find a solution to every need, for the Lord will add his inspiration.

NOW, the saving of souls in this manner demands unending application, endurance, patience, and true charity, which is "the pure love of Christ." It means painstakingly and laboriously teaching the elementary practices of cleanliness, the simplest principles of hygiene, of sewing, of cooking, and of homemaking, and above all it requires conversion—conversion of the Relief Society workers first, and then the conversion of those whom they would save.

Does it sound like drudgery? Well, there will be a lot of drudgery in it so long as what is done is done only because of the letter of the law and without the spirit. For the letter killeth. I am persuaded that in some of our Welfare work there is too much drudgery and not enough joy. I remember hearing of three men working with a building crew. All were employed at the same labor. Each in his turn was asked, "My good man, what are you doing?" The first replied, "I am carrying brick;" the second, "I am working for $8 a day;" and the third, "I, Sir, am building a temple."

Service performed in the spirit of the third one of these men brings joy. That performed in the spirit of the first two is drudgery. Oh, it may enable us to fill in our reports and it may to an extent relieve us from that uncomfortable feeling, familiar to all of us, of having some undone task hanging over our heads, but the true joy of service in the Master's cause it will not bring. To participate in that reward is to taste

of "the love of God, which shedeth itself abroad in the hearts of the children of men," which Nephi described as "the most desirable above all things," to which the angel responded, "Yea, and the most joyous to the soul."

"In the wisdom of him who knoweth all things," such joys are reserved for those who have qualified themselves to receive them, by entering into the work with full purpose of heart and rendering service above and beyond the call of duty. They are of divine origin. They are priceless. They are not the fruits of a superficial, hurried, spare-time performance. The Master said if one would really find his life, he must lose it in the service of others, and that he who sought his own life in serving his self-centered interests, would lose it.

Yes, my beloved co-workers, the real joys of Welfare service begin to be revealed to us when we have completely surrendered to the spirit of the work; when in service to others we have forgotten the great sacrifices we think we are making; when we cease to begrudge the loss of the pleasures we might have had at bridge, at literary clubs, or afternoon teas. They are revealed to us when, partly as a result of our own labors, we see the rejuvenated life in one who was lonely restored to the company of understanding, sympathetic friends; or in one once discouraged taking heart again; or in one who had fallen rising again with her own strength; or in one who had quit, trying again; or in one who was bitter and rebellious beginning to soften under the benign influence of the spirit of the gospel of Jesus Christ. Herein lies joy akin to divine joy, because it arises from service which is akin to divine service, and promotes the Lord's great objective "to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man" (Moses 1:39).

May each of you hunger and thirst for, and be filled with, the joys of Relief Society Welfare service.

ANCHORED

Andrew M. Andersen

My father paused as he plowed his land
When a sudden wind turned the emerald fields
Into billowing seas.

The fields in motion, the undulating hills,
The Sawtooth Mountains, and the transfixed crests
Of the royal Tetons
Became northern seas on the Danish coast.

And his strong hands
On the handles of a plow
Felt a helmsman's wheel.

But his feet stood firm on this land that he loved
And his heart was anchored to a mighty faith.

Reading and Writing in Deseret

Anna Boss Hart

Member, Relief Society General Board

Illustrations by Dawn Andrus

WHAT a record of achievement is the story of the Latter-day Saint pioneers from the time of Deseret to the Centennial! During this greatest of years—the Centennial Year, the lives of the pioneers have been re-evaluated, hearts have been turned to their greatness and achievement. We have marveled at their clear vision, their love of the graces and refinements of life, their zest for learning, their eagerness for searching truth, and their accomplishment.

Our present streamlined educational system, with its towering buildings, its elaborate methods of instruction, its rigidly trained group of specialized administrators and teachers, is a contrast to the humble school of the pioneers, with its primitive buildings, its meager equipment, its precious, but simple course of study, and its poorly equipped students.

After the first thought was given to the tilling of the soil, the next thought was given to the developing of the soul, which must also have food and sustenance. The pioneers recognized that power would be theirs through knowledge.

How symbolic was the name they selected — "Deseret" — meaning honeybee! As the honeybee has come to mean industry, the pioneers sucked the honey of truth and built a hive of industry and wealth—temporal and spiritual.

The urge for education penetrated the souls of the early pioneers before they left Nauvoo. The Prophet Joseph Smith, a great educator, preached the furtherance of learning with eloquence, strength, fervor, keen desire, zest, and earnestness.

In 1831, two leading elders were given the assignment "to do the work of printing and of selecting and writing books for the schools of this Church, that little children also may receive instruction" (D. & C. 55:4).

The University of Nauvoo came into being in 1840. Arts, sciences, and "learned professions" were planned for the curriculum. The Nauvoo City Charter obtained by the saints provided for the "first municipal university in America." One of the first free schools in Illinois was opened by Parley P. Pratt.

At Winter Quarters, during the frigid winter of 1847, a log house with dirt floor and dirt roof was converted into a schoolroom, with Emmeline B. Wells as the instructor.

The prophetic urge for education was also in the heart of Brigham Young. Before leaving Winter Quarters he urged the pioneers to bring "a copy of every available treatise on education—every book, map, chart, or diagram that may contain interesting, useful, and attractive matter to gain the attention of children and cause them to learn to read; and every historical, mathematical, philosophical, geographical,

geological, astronomical, scientific, and all other variety of useful and interesting writing, maps, etc."

We can imagine the many saints who "heeded his words" and how many old textbooks found their way into precious corners with rare china, a priceless wedding dress, or a bit of old lace.

WHEN the pioneers came to the valleys of the mountains, among the first institutions to be provided were schools and seminaries for the training of the saints. What an accomplishment—a victory was won when the first school was organized in the Rocky Mountains! What happy students must have trudged the first dirt paths to that school!

Historians tell us that just three months after the pioneers came to Salt Lake Valley in October 1847, Mary Jane Dilworth, a seventeen-year-old Latter-day Saint girl of Quaker descent, could not wait "until rocks, logs and adobes were available to build the school house, but used the military tent shaped like an Indian wigwam to house her students" of assorted ages. What strides have been made in the West since that time!

One student writes that Mary Jane Dilworth had nine pupils on that first day. Prayer opened the class. She had a Noah Webster speller, half a dozen readers, one arithmetic book, and a Bible. Rough logs were used for seats and a camp table for a desk. The old camp stool which she used had been brought across the plains.

Mary Jane Dilworth arrived in Salt Lake Valley with the second company of pioneers, in September 1847. She later settled with her husband Francis A. Hammond in Huntsville, where she was an active worker and held the office of Relief Society president, being the first sister to hold the office in that ward.

Her name will be remembered as the first teacher recorded in the history of Deseret and the one who placed the "first stone in the foundation of the present magnificent school system of which Utah is proud."

In the fall of 1847 Julian Moses taught school in a log schoolroom. "For tables some man's wagon was torn to pieces and laid on trestles. In some schools the pupils used logs to write on. Seats or benches were made in the same way. The stove was a real fireplace in which sagebrush was burned." Milking stools, benches, and logs were used for chairs. Once in awhile some seats were fashioned with buffalo robes. One teacher was given a willow chair which the schoolboys made. Slabs were sometimes used for benches. Some chairs and benches had five legs, two in each end and one in the middle.

Clarilla Browning, Ogden's first schoolteacher, arrived at Brown's Fort, October 27, 1849. She states that during that winter she taught school in a log house:

> We had to collect letters from scraps of papers and old books; these we pasted on paddles. We also made letters on the inside of our hands. In this way the children learned to read.

Six months after the founding of Manti, in 1850, Jesse W. Fox opened a school "for juveniles, and was reading to the adults, evenings, by the light of a tallow-dip and the campfire." Lydia Stanley was the teach-

RUNNING FOR A DRINK OF WATER

er who opened a school in "a hut of logs and brush on the banks of the Jordan."

What a contrast in school buildings from the humble shelters of early pioneer days to the spacious and stately buildings of today!

SCHOOLS were held in all types of buildings. The first school was housed in a military tent shaped like a wigwam. Groves and boweries were used, private houses, and public buildings. The log house was common, with "roof garden of mud and sunflowers; a dirt floor packed hard by feet, which were mostly bare." Sometimes the floors, consisting of split logs, were smoothed with an adze. Sometimes the walls were split logs "laid close together and covered with cedar bark or rushes that grew about the marshes."

Windows were sometimes covered with cloth greased with fat. This was used instead of glass. Sometimes they were covered with white cloth to admit light. One schoolhouse was part of a fort wall, with portholes for defense against Indians.

Adobe houses were often used. The red ones were especially colorful. The size varied from small twelve-by-twelve foot rooms to two-story frame buildings with the stairs to the upper story built on the outside wall. Even garrets were used, and a "lean-to-room near the United Order storehouse."

George A. Smith's first school is pictured in his diary, March 3d, 1851:

> My wicky-up is a very important establishment, composed of brush, a few slabs and 3 wagons. A fire in the center and a lot of milking stools, benches and logs placed around, two of which are fashioned with buffalo robes. It answers for various purposes, kitchen, schoolhouse, dining room, meeting house, council house, sitting room, reading room, storeroom. To see my school some of the cold nights in February, scholars standing around my huge campfire, the wind broken off by the brush and the whole canopy of heaven for covering.

George A. Smith was a colorful figure conducting classes "by the light of the campfire during the founding of the far southern settlement of Parowan."

Ada Arvilla Burke Earl, born in Farmington, Utah, May 28, 1857, said in her diary:

> We started school at a very early age and I remember carrying bread and a jug of milk for our lunch and Mrs. Lyman would give us dishes and spoons to eat our bread and milk in.

Another pioneer wrote:

> When nothing better was available for the mid-day meal, the children went out and dug sego roots.

The schools created an atmosphere of industry, co-operation, and happiness. The pupils made their

own entertainment and jollity. What fun they would have on Friday afternoons at the "spelling down" matches! Then there were declamation contests, organ solos, singing programs, and occasional plays or concerts. In the Brigham Young School they would often finish up a Friday afternoon with the reading of the weekly paper made up entirely from contributions from the scholars and edited by one of them.

Games played during recess might have been baseball, or steal-the-stick, or drop-the-handkerchief. "At times we played Indian and made bows and arrows," says Lorenzo D. Young, who attended Miss Dilworth's first school.

PUNISHMENTS were also necessary at times. Silas Hillman said that, although punishment was used, little whipping was done. The other forms of punishment were as follows:

> The first offense was punishable by having the offender stand in the middle of the floor; the second, to stand on one foot; the third, on one foot with one arm raised; the fourth, on one foot with the raised arm holding a stick. Next came the dunce cap and various other unique ways of trying to keep order.

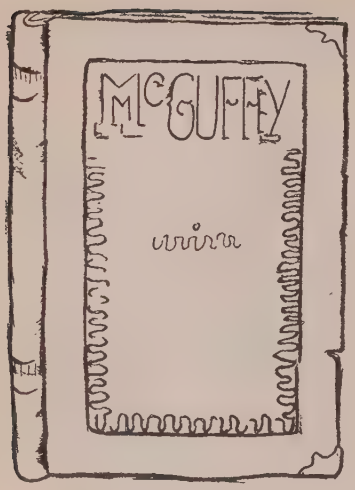
"YOU'RE ASKING FOR A SPANKING"

In the Brigham Young School the individual desks were painted green, with drop lids. These could be raised and, as Clarissa Y. Spencer expressed it: "It was very convenient to raise the lid, and behind it, eat a choice apple or read a note from one of the boys, being quite sure the teacher would not see us."

Later, more fortunate teachers had some charts on the walls for the youngest children and slates and pencils for the older ones. In imagination we can hear the scratchy slate pencils, which had been made from slate rock whittled down. Later, when paper could be obtained, quills were used for pens, and sharpened by the teacher with her sharp knife. Oak bark and copperas were boiled together for ink. Those who had neither pencils, slates, pen, nor ink took charcoal and "wrote on smooth logs or dried bark of the white mountain birch."

There was a great scarcity of books in pioneer days. Bibles and other standard works of the Church were available, but references and textbooks were limited.

What rapture must have been felt by the saints when Wilford W. Woodruff arrived from the States with nearly two tons of school books. This event was recounted in the



Deseret News of November 27, 1850.

Some of the books used during the first brief school year in Utah were the Bible, Noah Webster's *Spelling Book*, the *Lindley Murray Readers*, and *A New and Complete Arithmetic Composed for Citizens of the United States*. Others available at that time were a medical work by Dr. Gunn, a universal history, and occasionally there would be found a Blackstone and other legal books. Dr. Bernhisel brought a large number of books of every type from the East. Mention is also made of *Kirkham's Grammar, Smith's Arithmetic*, the *Wilson Readers, Cornell's Geography, Ray's Arithmetic, and Elementary Arithmetic*. Spencerian copybooks were often used to perfect writing.

With what pride the owners of a McGuffey's First Reader, published in 1836, studied its contents. The owner of this book cherished the illustrations "*designed and engraved* specially for the lessons in which they occur." The illustrations served also for oral lessons in language, for spelling, word pronunciations, stories, and memorization. Many pictures were carefully traced by lovers of art. This book was handled almost reverently and placed on the shelf or table with the carefully dusted and much used Bible and other cherished and treasured books. Lessons of courtesy and morals were almost shouted at the end of each story.

IN 1848 the Legislative Assembly "enacted its first law which provided for good roads. Its second law provided for a University of the State of Deseret, claimed to be the first institution of higher learning west of the Mississippi."

In February 1850 Orson Spencer was appointed chancellor. Twelve members to make up the Board of Regents were also appointed. "Until 1869 its existence was little more than nominal. . . . Then the annual grant of $5,000 for its support came from an empty treasury."

Three men comprised the first faculty—Orson Pratt, Cyrus W. Collins, and Orson Spencer. Each of the forty students paid $8 or its equivalent every ten weeks.

For a time the University was a "Parents' School." It was held in the front parlor of the John Pack home on the corner of West Temple and First North Street in Salt Lake City. After awhile the "Parents' School" was discontinued. It was one of the most interesting experiments conducted in Utah education.

Tuition and salaries were problems in those early days. The parents often paid for their children's schooling in produce, such as potatoes,

eggs, and butter. Nearly a century ago, a student registering at the "Parents' School" could pay his tuition with lumber, flour, wheat, building stone, or potatoes. Someone wrote that the "teachers' salaries instead of being drawn on the bank were drawn on wheelbarrows."

How resourceful were those early teachers! Even a new alphabet, called the Deseret Alphabet, of thirty-two letters, was created for the use of the Latter-day Saint people. Probably the purpose for creating this alphabet was to "simplify the reading of the English language." The new alphabet, although it possessed many meritorious features, was used very little even in pioneer days, and was finally abandoned.

The "Charter granted Salt Lake City in 1851 by the Territorial Legislature provided for the establishment and regulation of schools. Similar provisions were made in the charters of all the early Utah towns."

By 1850 "common schools were beginning in all parts of the city for the winter." Then the Territory of Utah next came into existence. September 23, 1851, addressing the Legislative Assembly, Governor Young "advocated the encouragement of primary schools and suggested that the Legislature consider the propriety of *requiring* the inhabitants of each neighborhood to maintain a school."

American Fork is credited with being the first town to sponsor a school "entirely supported by taxes." It was the first school in Utah that was free to all children.

THE history of Latter-day Saint schools of higher learning, headed by the Brigham Young University in Provo, shows that the pioneers were staunch friends of religious education, "which should be free from prejudice and free for all."

Karl G. Maeser's name is indeed "a benediction to the name of education" in Utah. What an impor-

SPELLING LINE-UP

tant place he made! Beloved, master teacher, he did a great part in establishing schools throughout Deseret, and for about sixteen years "he directed the growth of the Brigham Young Academy at Provo." He was called by President Brigham Young to direct this institution which opened for instruction in January 1876, although Brother Maeser did not begin his work as a teacher until April of that year. He was a cultured gentleman in every way, an orator, "a technician in character building," who understood and endured hardships cheerfully, served unselfishly, and enshrined himself to his students forever.

In the midst of all this college making, the Utah State Agricultural College was established at Logan as a land-grant school. This college was founded by the Territorial Legislature to take advantage of a succession of Federal Acts which provided for support of agricultural colleges and experiment stations throughout the Nation. Instruction was started in the fall of 1890, with nine teachers and 135 students.

The university programs were supplemented by Latter-day Saint junior colleges and by mission schools established and directed by other religious denominations. These schools, which resembled our present-day high schools in some respects, helped to prepare students for work in the universities and gave others a background for beginning their life's responsibilities.

What a foundation in education has been made in Utah from "Deseret to Centennial!" And as Daniel Webster once said, "We live in the past by a knowledge of its history, and in the future by hope and anticipation."

As we face the future, let us think of the brave and valiant ones who made this firm foundation.

May the educators of the future realize that excellence comes from planning over a long period of time, as the pioneers did. May they rededicate themselves, may their classes be as miracles; may the teachers of the future enrich the vision of the students and thereby shape characters and destiny.

FIRST SCHOOL—1847

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

Their schoolhouse built of logs, a single room,
A floor of earth well-packed by unshod feet,
A roof of mud made bright by sunflower bloom,
A window casement near a dusty street;
A paddle made of wood to serve as chart
With pasted letters cut from an outworn book
And scraps of papers, poems learned by heart
And copied on the flat stones from a brook;
And lacking these, a chappy, outstretched hand
Became a slate where charcoal could write
The numbers which a child must understand
Before he solved a problem to recite—
How could they see with eyes still hunger-blurred
An empire dormant in the written word?

A Man Must Work

Alice Morrey Bailey

IT was hard for Helen not to open up her heart to hope again. The day was perfect for Thanksgiving. Outside the bare branches of trees rose from carpets of bronze-yellow leaves, to stand purple against the clear, turquoise sky. There was a turkey in the oven, a pumpkin pie cooling on a grate and all the "fix-in's" in the refrigerator. Rance's bass voice was roaring, "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning" in the bathroom, but for Helen it was a day of last resort after a year of frustration. She hadn't known what it would be like to be a doctor's wife.

"Which towel do I use?" Rance interrupted his song to shout.

Your own, Dumb, Helen thought. Aloud she called back, "The one on the south rack." If this was to be the last day she would play it straight and fair, and right up to the hilt. No one would ever say it was her fault their marriage failed.

Rance came out of the bathroom, slipping the knot into his necktie. He came over to tip her face to his for a kiss, and her heart turned over. Score one for marriage, she thought. He might even say he loved her, but he didn't.

"Where's my anatomy book?" he asked, and her heart registered zero.

"What is this, mutiny? I thought you were going to help me with dinner."

"Can't. Have to assist with an operation in the morning. Have to brush up on my anatomy."

"Rance, no one knows anatomy like you do."

"That I humbly acknowledge, but this is a lip cancer that has spread into the fascia of the neck. Cut one artery there and the whole field is flooded."

"Ugh! Rance, do you have to be so graphic?"

Rance went into the study and closed the door, without answering. Helen looked at it with hatred. It was a long established rule that when Rance studied there were to be *no interruptions.* She hated the books behind that door. She even hated the stethoscope that dangled so casually from his pocket, and the little black bag that went everywhere with him.

SO! This was to be my day, she thought bitterly. It was the first anniversary of their wedding, but did he remember? Not as of eleven A.M. on this fine Thursday. And would she remind him? She would not. She had reminded him of every holiday since their marriage, to say nothing of various dinners and scores of special occasions. This one he had to think of all by himself, and if he didn't it was *the end!*

Without exception, he had spent the anniversaries and holidays riding ambulances, delivering babies, answering night calls, and performing emergency operations. What good was it to be connected with the largest firm in the state when he was the junior member and the leg-man for the whole outfit? When she pointed it out to him, he answered: "But think of all the valu-

able experience I'm getting. This is all right, Baby. This is swell."

Well, it isn't swell for me, she thought, slamming the oven door. Why had he married her at all, if all he wanted was to put her light under a bushel? She could have married any one of dozens—Hilliard Baker for one, whose father was a banker. Betty Fenn, who had married him, had her own car, scads of clothes, and was the young social matron of the town. Hilliard was attentive to Betty and there were parties and dances every night.

Why had Rance wanted her if she was to be nothing except part of the furnishing for his house—the tap you could turn on and off, the toaster, to burn hot or cold as he desired, a chair that could sit inanimate and still as he wished?

I have to calm down, she reminded herself. She had to be honest. She hadn't wanted Hilliard Baker. She had wanted Rance. This was pure jealousy—not of people, but of time-consuming work. It was loneliness. A person could be very lonely in a world of people.

At any rate, there was still the dinner, and there was the afternoon ahead, and the evening. Helen gave herself a mental shaking and began spreading pimento cheese in the hollows of crisp white celery. This was really going to be a dinner! She would fix the sweet potatoes with marshmallows.

At one o'clock Rance came out to get a drink of water. "Um! Good!" he pronounced, sniffing the odors of the kitchen. He had to peep into the oven at the turkey, and, if Helen hadn't caught him in time, he would have pinched the crust of the pie.

"How soon is dinner? I'm caving in, and these aromas are devastating to my will power."

"At two o'clock—one more hour."

"Sixty whole minutes? I don't think I can bear it, but it will work out just right. One more hour with Morris will just about do it." Morris was the anatomy text.

He went back to the study, this time closing the door reluctantly after a rueful wink and grin at Helen. She set the table with a lighter heart, getting out her wedding silver and lace, and making an attractive centerpiece of fruit—apples and pears, peaches and grapes, sprinkled with nuts and small, colored candies, pouring from a horn of plenty she had shaped and gilded days before. It looked classic on a mirror ringed with leaves and blue plums.

WHEN Rance came out, he whistled in surprise and examined the horn with flattering interest.

"So! You made it yourself! How clever!"

"Oh, Rance, I had a terrible time making it come right with that papier-mache."

"Why didn't you tell me? I'd have got some casting plaster from surgery. I might even have made it myself. I'm pretty handy putting on a cast, you know."

"You'd have been too busy, Rance. You'll just have time to change while I'm serving the dinner."

"Right," he said, and went to the bedroom. When he came out, handsome and distinguished, the turkey was on the table, little bubbles of juice still sliding under the transparent golden skin, the dressing emitting sage and onion-laden

steam, and the rolls hot under a napkin. Sweet potatoes and celery were flanked by buttered Brussels sprouts and cranberry sauce, and the pie, heaped with whipped cream, was waiting in the kitchen to be served later.

"You should try the view from this altitude," said Rance. "It's simply ravishing!"

His praise made all her efforts worthwhile, and Helen found resentment slipping away fast.

"What are we going to do after dinner, Rance?" she asked, as he slid her chair under her.

"Follow your prescription," Rance said, "take in a show, go to a dance, or just loll around and catch up on a little love-making. Whatever you say."

"Oh Rance!" she decided, "I only want one thing—to be with you!"

It was going to be a good day, after all, not the last day. It was going to be all right. "I'm so thankful for you, Rance," she said.

"And I for you!"

BUT it wasn't all right. Rance was actually raising the knife to carve the turkey when the telephone rang.

"I'll get it," he said, and Helen waited, her blood jelling in her veins.

"Hello? Dr. Moore speaking," and, after a pause, "I'll be right there."

"Rance, you can't go without eating," Helen protested as he passed the table on the way to the study.

"Hand me my coat," Rance said, and his voice was almost curt.

"Rance, this is Thanksgiving!"

"And this is an emergency!"

He was gone, slamming the car door, turning the key, stepping on the gas and shifting gears in what seemed to be one motion, without so much as waving to her.

Helen had followed him to the steps, but now she turned and went slowly back into the house, dark with resentment, sick with disappointment. She sat and stared at her food, not wanting to eat. Maybe if she waited he would be back to eat with her. At least, she told herself hopefully, he would telephone and let her know when to expect him.

An hour later she had had no word from him, and she was angry. Now she wouldn't eat. Not understanding her own reasoning, she made up her mind that the table could stay exactly as it was, biscuits and turkey cold on the table, until he came to eat with her. It might be five hours and it might be five minutes. It didn't matter.

After they had eaten this one last meal she would make a little speech, and then she would leave. She'd had all she could take, she would tell him. She was sure, she would say, cuttingly, that he would never miss her from his busy life. She went angrily and packed a bag. And if he ever remembered it was their anniversary she had an answer for that, too.

"At last I know why you wanted to be married on Thanksgiving," she would tell him. "It was so you wouldn't have to take two days from your precious work!"

At five there was still no word, and she walked the floor, building up the case against him, tearing it down with some small, sweet memory, building it up again with tim-

bers of disappointment from other days like today.

Waiting, she decided, was the most dreadful thing that could happen to anyone. She couldn't do a thing like this to a person she loved. In fact, Rance had never done it to her before. He always called up, if only to leave word where he could be reached in the event of other calls.

There usually were other calls. The telephone was curiously silent. The whole house was silent, except for the hum of the refrigerator, and that sound was peculiarly grating today.

SHE tried to play the piano, but came across an old song of fishermen who went to sea and perhaps did not return.

> For men must work
> And women must weep,
> And the sooner it's over
> The sooner to sleep.

It depressed her. Not for anyone would she spend her life like this!

It was getting dark when a car slid to the curb. Her heart leaped, but it was Betty Baker. She came in in a little rush, sobbing and catapulting herself into Helen's arms.

It seemed she was going to leave Hilliard. "Helen, he's lazy!" she summed up. "All that money and nothing to do. You know how ambitious I am!"

"But you have him all the time. Your car and your lovely clothes. All the parties and fun—" wondered Helen aloud.

"All that can be pretty tiresome," complained Betty. "And having a man around underfoot—I guess I oughtn't to say this, but even lovemaking gets monotonous."

"Why don't you get him to leave it all—get him out on his own?"

"And leave all we have? I couldn't! I couldn't live in poverty," declared Betty. "I guess I don't appreciate Hilliard. Helen, you're so wise."

It was quite devastating, even disgusting to Helen, because it gave her a new view of herself, planning to leave Rance for the very opposite reasons Betty had. What's the matter with us, Helen wondered? We're smart and ingenious about other things. Why do we think divorce is the only solution for marriage difficulties? It's a mental disease. And it's catching!

As Betty was leaving to "try it again," she popped her head back in to say: "I wouldn't have come if I could have reached you on the telephone. All I got since two o'clock was the busy signal. Bye, darling."

The telephone hadn't rung once, and it was a one-party line. Wondering, Helen went to it. Surely enough, the receiver was placed improperly in its cradle, leaving it open. The operator, trying to ring her, explained the maddening hum. Rance had done it in his haste. No one could have called in, not even Rance himself.

"I don't deserve a man like Rance," she told herself, and went shamefacedly to unpack. She would tell him about it when he got home, and start all over again, for those were the very traits she had loved him for—his love for his work, his passion for knowledge, and his desire to be on hand when he was needed.

She returned the foods to their kettles and set them in the oven, and was just washing the platters and

serving dishes when she heard Rance's car in the driveway. She lighted the oven and ran to meet him at the door.

"How lucky! Just in time for Thanksgiving dinner, Dr. Moore. Won't you come in?"

"I tried and tried to get you."

Rance's face was gray with fatigue. He looked as if he had used his last spurt of energy to get home.

"Sit down, dear. Dinner will be ready as soon as the turkey gets heated through. You left the receiver off its hook, and I just found it out."

"Great Scot! I thought all kinds of things."

"I'll bet you haven't had a bite. Was it bad?"

"A terrible smashup. Two major operations, and I couldn't locate a soul. The intern at the hospital assisted. We saved their lives, but we wouldn't have saved the girl if I had been a second later. She looked so much like you it was like fighting for your life."

"If you had stopped to eat—?"

"Exactly, but listen to the news I wanted to tell you. Dr. Randome came in as I was mopping up. He said a lot of nice things, mainly that I'm to take the permanent post of surgery. Mort is retiring and they'll have a new man in for the leg-work."

"Oh, Rance!"

"This last year has been stiff, but I'm over the hump, and I couldn't have made it without you. Imagine a woman waiting dinner six hours! But I'm one up on you. I'll bet you forgot it is our wedding anniversary."

"Yup!" gulped Helen, taken by surprise. "Rance, I—" She started to tell him about the day, but thought better of it. That self-centered girl of the morning was gone. "Don't give me credit. Remember that song: 'Men must work and women must weep?' "

"Weep no more, my lady, then," countered Rance, and kissed her. "Now let's eat!"

THANKSGIVING GRACE

Dorothy J. Roberts

Place the bird breast upward on the platter,
Ringed with ears of tapered, golden maize.
The Pilgrim's sleek head—by the chieftain's feather—
Was first to bow above this fare in praise.

He left the masonry, the yielding garden,
The ballast and the comfort of the known
To fill his sails with stranger-winds, to harden
His palm upon a distant, unhewn stone.

In his somber costume towered spirit
Helmeted with a warrior's classic plume;
The oppressed one, always taller than his tyrant,
Had bent the unseen bars about his room.

Snare the tender, choice white meat of plenty
They captured from the wilds, alert and dim,
But fold the hands in grace for the spirit's bounty
Which shall dare reaches unsubdued by him.

Sewing in Pioneer Days

Leda Thompson Jensen
Former Member, Relief Society General Board

TO the increasing number of households in which sewing and needlework are almost a lost art, a recital of these activities in the homes of the pioneers reads like a page from a dusty old book of adventure. Great industrial plants and mass production have released the descendants of the early pioneers from what to many would seem real toil and drudgery, but to those who still find joy in the making of clothing in the home and take pride in the creation of lovely home decorations, the sewing activities of the pioneers strike a responsive chord and call forth deep appreciation and admiration for their resourcefulness and ingenuity.

Being isolated and poor, having brought little or nothing with them, the pioneers were dependent upon themselves for necessities and comforts. They had to use their own hands. Many of those early settlers were of the best of European artisans, workers in wood, iron, wool, and cotton. They set about to remedy the situation in which they found themselves and they taught others what they knew.

Very soon after the pioneers reached the Valley, new clothes were needed. Even with good care, with patching and mending, clothing was bound to wear out. In some instances, until better materials were acquired, old wagon covers and bedticks which had served their original purpose were made into some articles of wearing apparel such as men's pants and women's waists. These, also, at last wore out.

Many had not sufficient clothes to last the first year, but no fabrics were available, so they set about to produce their own. Nearly every family acquired a few sheep from which the wool was sheared, washed, carded, spun, and woven into cloth. Handmade cards, spinning wheels, reels, and looms were used until it was possible to import the necessary machinery.

Black and white cloth came from the natural wool of black and white sheep. If black and white wool were mixed before carding, gray yarn was the result. If other colors were desired, the pioneer women used rabbit brush for yellow dye, the root of the madder plant for red, and imported indigo for blue. This indigo was almost worth its weight in gold. With the three primary colors, it was possible to make combinations which produced many different colors.

Wool was the first available fiber, but Brigham Young and his people were not satisfied with woolen material alone. It is doubtful if a more resourceful people ever lived. No venture was too difficult to try, if effort and hard work could bring its fruition. Cotton, linen, and silk were all successfully produced and used for fabrics.

The very first goods brought into Utah for sale were brought from Fort Hall in Idaho. Among other things, calico was sold at fifty cents

WOMEN'S FASHIONS 1850-1880

Courtesy, Violet D. Pierce
"EMBROIDERY AND TUCKS"

to seventy-five cents a yard. In 1849, the first regular stock of goods for the Utah market was brought in by Utah's first commercial merchants, Livingston and Kinkead. Goods sold by these first merchants, and others who followed them, were freighted across the prairies in wagon trains until the advent of the railroad in 1869.

WITH fabrics made available either from home factories or from goods shipped into the Territory, home manufacturing ceased, but the sewing of the clothing was a problem for every home.

A girl's life was one continual round of sewing, from the cradle to the grave. Even before she was born her layette must be prepared and the task was a much greater one then than it is now. Fashion and customs, as well as the uneven temperature of fireplace and stove-heated homes, called for more and different clothes than the baby wears today. Shirts, bands, pinners, a woolen flannel petticoat, a muslin petticoat, dresses, blankets, and shawls were all made by hand. All the little petticoats and dresses had to be trimmed with hand-crocheted lace and insertion and tucks, or decorated with hemstitching and drawn work. Sometimes eyelet embroidery extended from the bottom of the dress upward on the skirt for twelve or fifteen inches. Dresses for babies of both sexes were long. To be really fashionable, they had to touch the floor when the baby was lying on his mother's lap.

When baby began to sit alone and his feet were freed from the pinners, then the shortening process took place. Usually, the first long dresses were laid aside for future use, while new dresses and petticoats of a shorter length were substituted and home-knit stockings were added to the wardrobe. If the long dresses were not saved for other babies, then they were shortened by cutting off the bottom. Lace and insertion had to be taken off and sewed on again. When the baby reached the walking stage, in many cases, a second shortening of the baby clothes took place.

Nearly all the stockings were long, woolen for winter, cotton for summer; white for Sunday, black for everyday. All these stockings were hand-knit. Much of the underwear was made by hand of woven fabrics.

Children's clothes were similar in style to those of their parents, long pants on the boys, belted dresses with skirts to the shoe tops or ankles for the girls, and always the woolen petticoat with two or more muslin ones trimmed with tucks, insertion, and lace. Had styles for children

been as simple as they are today, many stitches would have been saved for busy mothers.

Settlers in the communities removed from Salt Lake City and other larger towns made trips to trading centers in the fall and spring for fabrics from which to make winter and summer clothes. Bolts of factory (unbleached muslin) would be purchased in the fall. Underwear for the family, petticoats, chemises, sheets, pillow slips, and tablecloths were all made from the factory. During the winter these articles were washed several times and left on the clothesline between washings until they were bleached white. Lace and insertion, which had been crocheted or knit during the winter, were sewed on the new garments before they were worn in the spring.

As soon as the girls in a home were old enough to assist with the problems of clothing a family, they were expected to help. All girls learned to knit and crochet, and they often had to combine their work with their play by determining who could knit so many rounds on a stocking or crochet so many inches of lace in the least time. One pair of little girls used to unwind enough yarn from their balls to reach around the outside of their house, then they played a game to see which girl could first knit into her stocking the unwound yarn.

Many were the girls who sheared the sheep, washed the wool, and carded it, spun the yarn, dyed, and wove it into cloth from which they made their own dresses and clothing for other members of the family.

Necessity is the mother of invention, so women learned the art of patternmaking and every available scrap of paper was saved for that purpose. It is said that one woman, who had been a seamstress in England, brought with her a pattern for men's pants. That pattern was altered to fit the small or large man, and from that one pattern many pairs of pants were cut. The exchanging of patterns and cutting many patterns from an original were common practices.

Naturally, the size of most wardrobes was extremely modest. One best dress was the most the average girl had. It was brushed and mended and carefully cared for, but when no longer nice enough looking to be worn away from home, or when a new one was available, it was used to wear around the house, being protected by long front aprons from the dirt and grime of household tasks.

For Sunday and dress-up occasions those front aprons were made of

Courtesy, Dr. Emerson Young

"BUTTONS AND BRAID"

Courtesy, Minnie Margetts

"LACE AND INSERTION"

white material, often elaborately and artistically trimmed with tucks, lace, drawn work, or embroidery.

WHAT multitudes of stitches and long hours of labor could have been saved had the styles been as simple as they are today. But the full, many-gored skirts that swept the ground, the long, full, leg-o'-mutton sleeves, basque waists with whalebones sewed to every seam, bustles and hoops, all multiplied the stitches needed to make one dress.

The pioneer women loved beautiful things and they were amenable to the dictates of fashion, as are we today. So, no matter how much cloth or how many stitches were needed, dame fashion was obeyed.

Hats were probably the first accessories to be made. The first ones, after the sunbonnets, were made from straw gleaned from the fields. The straws were sorted as to fineness, soaked in warm water, and braided. The braids were pressed flat, and then sewed together to form hats. Colored straws were used for trimming, being made into bands, ribbons, and flowers. Sometimes very elegant hats were made entirely of horsehair. Cloth hats of denim were made for everyday use, and for better hats, calico and muslin were used. Flowers were made from a material called book-muslin, resembling present-day organdy. Some hats were quilted for variety. Brims were often heavily stitched, sometimes with fancy stitches to help them hold their shape. Other hats were crocheted from wool and cotton yarns.

Accessories such as collars, berthas, fichus, head scarves, fascinators, handkerchiefs, gloves, mittens, and mitts were knit, netted, or crocheted to add that little different touch that women have always desired.

The problem of clothing was not the only one for nimble fingers. Carpets, rugs, bedding, tablecloths, towels, and decorative touches for the homes were all part of home sewing and handicraft. Here again fashion's dictates were very demanding. Cushions and chair backs or tidies, throws over the top of large portraits and pictures on the wall; covers of all types for the tops of tables, dressers, buffets and sideboards; bedspreads, and curtains were all part of the up-to-date home, and all helped to satisfy the woman's desire for cultural and beautiful surroundings.

Some of the social activities of pioneer women were rag bees and quilting parties. The making of patch-

work quilts was a fascinating subject in and of itself.

Clean, sweet straw from the threshing floor filled the first mattresses, and feather ticks were a must in every household. Sometimes even milkweed down was gathered for mattresses and pillows.

Girls in the homes helped their mothers provide all these things and very laborious the tasks were at times, even though the girls were apt and willing, for all the sewing done in early pioneer homes was done by hand. The first practical sewing machine was not patented until 1846, and many years passed before machines were brought to Utah and found their way into the small towns and villages of the State.

WHEN a girl left her home to be married she was very fortunate if she had a new dress for the occasion. Often her "best" dress had to suffice. Most girls took to their new home a piece of homemade carpet, a rag rug or two, a patchwork quilt, a feather bed, a tick for straw, and, if very fortunate, a factory tablecloth, sheets, and pillow slips.

No matter how humble the home to which her young husband took her, with her two hands the young wife began to make that home as attractive as possible. When babies were due to arrive she began to stitch and stitch to prepare for their coming, and so the cycle began all over again.

Very early in every Latter-day Saint community, a division of labor naturally came about. Being a good seamstress is an art and a definite accomplishment, a talent which all women do not possess. Among the pioneers were women who loved to sew. Those who found it a difficult task were only too glad to hire the services of others. So each community had its dressmakers, its weavers, its women who carded and spun wool, who pieced quilts, and who knit for others in exchange for services or for produce and commodities rather than for money, which was often very scarce.

The many activities reviewed in this recital seem very remote, something of the long ago, but they are worth reviewing and remembering as part of the complete pattern of pioneer living that made Utah and the West what they are today.

CONFIDENTIALLY

Josephine J. Harvey

He laughed when I showed him
My new hat with the fur trim.

"Don't tell me you'd call that
Tiny ball of fluff a hat!"

I said with my coolest smile,
"Why, that's the latest style!"

Of course, he would never guess
And I'd never confess

That when I see it on the shelf
I even have to laugh myself.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, November 1, and November 16, 1887

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

TRAINING CHILDREN: Many a child is ruined by wrong tuition, and it is high time that we understand true government, first to govern ourselves. Of all people we should practice that which will result in beneficent ends. The child should be taught not to destroy things. And, dear sisters, never counteract the commands of your husbands to your children, but teach them to obey and respect him and his word. Here is where our heaven is to begin, in the family circle. Then let us all strive together to have happy homes, lovely and obedient children, not to be selfish. . . .—Mary Ann M. Pratt

D. M. MULOCK CRAIK: Mrs. Dinah Maria Mulock Craik, who died in England on the 13th of October, 1887, was born at Stoke upon Trent in 1826. Next to George Eliott as an authoress in modern times her name must stand. Her books have a very refined character, taken as a whole. She has studied human nature and woman's nature pretty thoroughly. Her books are as popular in America as in England. . . . Among literary people Mrs. Craik was a great favorite. . . . To me she seems a woman of wonderful imaginative capacity. . . . Well acquainted with English life in its reality. I hope some day to see in print a sketch of her home life written by one who would do her ample justice.—Ed.

FEAR NOT, ZION

Fear not, Zion! countless hosts
Help thy cause behind the veil;
Zion's friends are uppermost,
Zion's Founder will not fail;
God his purpose will fulfill,
God is Zion's refuge still.

—Emily H. Woodmansee

PROCRASTINATION: Secretaries should be prompt in their duties and have their books posted and make their reports in good season, for it takes no more time to copy a set of minutes, or make a report today, than it will to-morrow and it avoids anxiety and saves hurry and confusion. We should learn while young that there is a time and a place for everything, and perform every duty in its time and season and not let them accumulate on our hands. . . . Let not the sly old thief, called Procrastination, rob us of our laurels.—M. E. Teasdale

LETTER FROM THE SANDWICH ISLANDS: There are 22 societies in all, in which there are 514 members. . . . We are laboring as energetically as possible to introduce all kinds of useful work . . . and to make this pleasant and interesting, we purpose having a fair before our next conference.—Libbie Noall, President

THE MAORI VILLAGE: In Taranaki, the largest native village in New Zealand, is the home of Ti Witi, the great Maori Prophet . . . who was visited in March, 1885 by Elder Amasa Aldrich and myself, as the first two Mormon elders to present to him the only true Gospel. On that occasion we made a trip of 600 miles in six weeks, mostly on foot.—Eurini Ruihi Reweti

—Edwin Lewis Davis

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

THE two surviving daughters of President Brigham Young, Mabel Y. Sanborn, 84, and Fannie Van Cott Y. Clayton, 77, have been featured at many Centennial events. When the cornerstone of the "This Is the Place" monument was laid, they placed the historical records in the copper box which was sealed and deposited in a vault in the cornerstone. At the unveiling of the monument, they participated in drawing the cover from a plaque depicting their father with other figures. Mrs Clayton was unable to go, but Mrs. Sanborn rode to and from Nauvoo in the luxurious drawing room of the airplane of the president of the United Air Lines, the "O'Connor," named for the first stewardess of the line, who was also a guest on the ship. A Latter-day Saint girl, Dorothy Lundgreen, was stewardess, and Captain Claron U. Pratt, a grandson of Parley Pratt, was pilot. They returned from Nauvoo in six hours, as compared with the 106 day trek of the pioneers.

CADDIE DAVIS VINCENT, a granddaughter of Martin Harris, one of the three witnesses of the Book of Mormon, died July 29, at the age of 83, in Cutler, Ohio. In 1869, Edward Stevenson, returning from a mission, met his old friend, Martin Harris, going into the Kirtland temple with a Book of Mormon under his arm, and the following year was instrumental in persuading him to come to Utah, where he bore testimony, from the Tabernacle pulpit, to the divine origin of the sacred book. Caddie was born in Utah, a daughter of Julia Harris and Walter Davis. She later married Mr. Vincent and lived in Ohio. She is survived by three sons, some grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

A noted painter of church murals, Mrs. Velda Buys Gately, living in California, was born in Heber, Utah, and attended the University of Utah. She recently completed an assignment of seven years' duration decorating the Church of the Transfiguration in Los Angeles. One of her paintings hangs in the McKinley ward chapel in Salt Lake City. Two secular scenes are exhibited by Alice Merrill Horne in the downstairs lobby of the Hotel Utah. The artist hopes to paint some of the great scenes from Latter-day Saint history.

SOME recent experiments at Johns Hopkins University indicate that in a given time women can do more mental work than men can, and that they do it more accurately.

MISS MITTIE ARNOLD and Miss Margaret E. Thomas, started an herb garden a few years ago, as a hobby. They now have one of the largest and most famous herb farms in the United States, at Greene, R. I.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 34 NOVEMBER 1947 NO. 11

Bless the Food

Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray, and cry aloud: and he shall hear my voice (Psalms 55:17).

THERE are many ways in which families and individuals may acknowledge their belief in the gospel of Jesus Christ and in which they may demonstrate their allegiance to him as Lord of this earth. One of the simplest, and yet a most gracious and sacred expression of faith and belief, is the blessing of the food. We are advised in the Word of Wisdom that all food is to be used "with prudence and thanksgiving," and many passages in the Doctrine and Covenants emphasize the obligation and the opportunity of giving thanks "for whatsoever blessing ye are blessed with."

In the complicated rush of our modern ways, it is a practice of great reverence and dignity for the father of the household to preside at the family table and designate someone to give thanks unto the Lord.

Even a little child can offer a blessing of great sincerity, if the true meaning of the prayer is explained. Asking a blessing on the food should never be a mere matter of routine, to be quickly accomplished and forgotten. Rather it should be a sincere and devoted expression of gratitude, whether it is uttered by the grandfather in the home or by a child who is petitioning the Heavenly Father for the first time.

The blessing asked upon the food, if properly done, serves not only to bring the family nearer to the spirit of true obedience, but it also helps the members of the family to feel their own unity and their precious nearness to each other. Then the meal may commence with thanksgiving, and the atmosphere more easily becomes permeated with love and dignity. Many mothers have found that it is much easier to establish desirable conversation habits and better table manners after the blessing has been asked with reverence and sincere gratitude.

In some families it is the custom to give thanks for more than the food which has been prepared. If relatives or friends are present, a special word of appreciation for their presence may be expressed, and thus the ancient and honored custom of breaking bread and sharing food with loved ones may be renewed and the bonds of kinship and friendship may thus become stronger. More beauty and more strength are added to our daily living by the gracious simplicity of this prayer.

Each household, acknowledging gratitude to the Supreme Being, and constituting a unit of the community and of the state, thus becomes an integral part of our country and contributes to the religious integrity of the Republic. If America is to be

known as a Christian nation, then it must acknowledge and worship the Lord of the land. This thought is beautifully expressed in the Book of Mormon in words of great significance:

> Behold this is a choice land, and whatsoever nation shall possess it shall be free from bondage, and from captivity, and from all other nations under heaven, if they will but serve the God of the land, who is Jesus Christ (Ether 2:12).

V. P. C.

GEMS

Ora Pate Stewart

My cellar is a vault . . . a treasury,
Where amber jewels of peach and apricot
Are mounted with the golden filigree
Of ripened corn. I count it not
As one who counts his gold, but still I gaze
In thankfulness upon it, and in praise
For jellied rubies, labeled plum and cherry,
The liquid amethyst of grape and berry,
Jade beads of peas and beans; and emerald gherkins;
Sardonyx mottled mince in wooden firkins. . . .

Rare gems, distilled from shrubs and vines and trees . . .
"Lay not up . . . . treasures" was not meant for these.

A HOME

Thelma Ireland

It is nice to have a house built new,
According to one's wishes,
And carry out the color scheme
With curtains, rugs, and dishes.
But give to me an old farmhouse
With the rooms built on in tiers,
To accommodate a family
That increases with the years;
A house with family albums
And old portraits here and there,
And a raveled, crocheted tidy
Hiding scars on some old chair.
No, it may not be artistic,
Sort of motley, as a whole,
But give me a house that's lived in,
A house that has a soul.

Where Trails Run Out

Anna Prince Redd

Chapter 10

[The incidents of this story are true, and the characters authentic. The information has been carefully gleaned from diaries, journals, and personal interviews.—Ed.]

Synopsis: A company of twenty-four young men and two families—James L. Davis, his wife, Mary, and their four children; Henry H. Harriman, his wife, Elizabeth, and their five children—are called to explore a route from Cedar City, in Southern Utah, to San Juan County. The two families are to remain in San Juan and prepare for the coming of the main company.

The company, after much suffering, finally reaches Moenkopi. The Davis family remains there and the others go on toward the San Juan. Scouts return to Moenkopi and report the arrival of the Harrimans on the San Juan.

The James L. Davis family and the scouts leave to join the Harrimans, and Mary and Elizabeth are reunited. Mary's baby is born after a difficult confinement. The families at Montezuma are destitute for food. Four scouts from the main company arrive, but bring no supplies. James and Mary Davis, returning to their homestead from a visit with the Harrimans, are confronted with trouble.

"Pa! It's Indians!" Ted Davis cries.

A small, startled group, in sight of their lonely, dark home, James Davis and his family stood and faced the Indians, three of them, young and belligerent, arrogantly possessive.

"How!" James Davis cried. "Discause?"

"How!" The Indians repeated his greeting. "Discause," they said, affirmatively.

James turned to his son. "My boy Ted, you take your sister by the hand and go to meet them," he instructed in a quiet voice. "We have no cause to fear. They say they are cold. We will ask them in to get warm at our fire."

Ted looked at his mother in questioning surprise. Her lips formed the word yes, and she gave Emily a little push toward him.

But Emily drew back, hiding her face in her mother's skirts, whimpering in fear.

Mary whispered to her, "Be brave, sweet one, your papa will not let the Indians hurt his little girl. You can show the Indians that we put our trust in Heavenly Father."

Emily lifted her head and gave her hand to the big brother whom she adored. Ted clasped her fingers tightly, and they went forward till they were at the edge of the dooryard. James and Mary came behind them, each with a child by the hand, the baby held comfortably against its father's shoulder.

The Indians showed plainly that they were surprised at the manner of their approach.

As they got closer to the Indians, Ted tried to speak to them, but his tongue was stiff with fright. Emily tugged at his hand to remind him that he should greet the Indians. Ted opened his mouth, but no sound would come. He tried again, but did no better. Emily pinched his arm, looking at him in surprise. Ted looked at her helplessly. To save

his life, he could not speak or move. He had never known fear in his life before, and could not understand it now. Usually, if things threatened him, he became angry. And under that impulse he would tackle anything. This feeling of fear left him helpless and ashamed.

Emily pulled her hand from his stiff fingers and marched straight up to the scowling Indians. She smiled an entrancing smile and asked, "Discause?" She shuddered, suggesting that they must be very cold. "O-ooo--o," she said, and smiled again.

The pantomime was engaging and fearless. To the Indians it was unexpected. They looked the white family over with pleased approval. "Discause," they agreed, "muncha discause!" They repeated Emily's pantomime of being cold, and laughed at each other's performance.

EMILY reached out her hand and took hold of the nearest Indian's sleeve. "You can get warm at our house," she said. "Can't he papa?"

The Indians hesitated. James said "Howl" again, and opened his door. Mary followed him, and at the door she turned and motioned for the Indians to follow her into the house. Mechanically, Ted followed the Indians. He uncovered the coals from the ashes, piled the split pitch-pine kindlings on the darkened coals and blew them to life with long trembling breaths. He was grateful for something to do that would help him hide the tears he could not choke back. He had been a coward, outside, and now he was acting like a baby. He brushed his sleeve across his eyes, more ashamed of his tears than he was of his show of fear. It had been such a paralyzing thing that he had been powerless against it. But acting like a sissy was his own fault. His little sister, six years old, was a better pioneer than he was!

He gave the coals a poke, blowing on them with short, angry breaths, until they flamed to a blaze. Emily knew her big brother was afraid. That was why she ran ahead to meet the ugly smart alecks of Indians, he thought, and felt like running away and hiding himself.

James, keenly sensitive to his children and their needs, saw the drama that was taking place in Ted's soul, so plainly written in his face. "My boy Ted," he spoke naturally, as unconcerned as he would have been if he were going to tell the boy to do his chores, "you take the Indians to the barrel down by the canal, so they can wash for supper. It's so darn dark they'll not be able to find it alone. And by the time you and those big fellers get back, your Ma will have the food on the table."

Ted looked up at his father with adoring eyes. "You bet, Pa," he answered. "That's just what I was goin' to do!"

He motioned for the Indians to follow him, and they all left the house. Pa don't think I'm a coward! he thought, pride in himself returning as he walked along in the lead, an'—an' I'm not! I just lost my nerve!

Not knowing that Ted could speak their language, the Indians began talking freely, laughing and fooling with each other. "The white man is good," they decided. "The boy is brave. The little papoose is nice. She is very happy and nice!"

Ted smiled, and was tempted to

start talking to them in their language, but decided that his father had had a purpose in not letting them know that he could talk with them. He walked rapidly toward the barrel of water which was kept for washing purposes. He showed the Indians how to fill the basin that stood on a bench by the barrel, then he sat down cross-legged in the sand to wait for them. When the Indians finished washing, Ted ducked his own head and face, and laughing with the Indians, came filing back to the house.

WHEN they entered the room, Mary and James welcomed the Indians again, and told them to sit down at the table with the family. The Indians hesitated, but James motioned to them that it was all right, and they sat down to eat. Mary asked the blessing on the food, and the family said "Amen."

Ted had watched the Indians furtively, hoping the Lord would not think him irreverent. But he wanted to know what the Indians would do while his mother prayed. To his surprise, they folded their arms and, sitting very straight, looked only at Mary. Ted's eyes followed theirs. In the glow of the firelight, his mother looked very beautiful and very good.

Mary served the Indians bran pancakes, stewed beef, and a cup of precious molasses that she had been saving for cough medicine.

The children eyed the molasses longingly, but watched the Indians eat it without saying a word.

"Weno," the Indians said, smacking their lips over the rare sweet. "Weno!"

When they had finished eating, James told them in sign language that they could sleep by the fire. He and his family would sleep in the only other room in the house.

Above the fireplace hung his loaded gun, and he left it hanging there, though he had seen the Indians eyeing it furtively.

In the dark, in their room, James and Mary lay for a long time, listening for any stealthy tread that would warn them of their danger. Ted, too, had lain tense and wakeful, reviewing in his mind the events of the day—the coming of the four scouts, the thrill of getting news from home, and then the Indians, who had come with evil intent, who might be, even then, plotting how to kill the white family that was so trustful. But as the hours wore on and there was no sound beyond the thin board partition, he fell asleep. Mary, assured by the steady and regular breathing of the Indians, followed Ted into a relaxed sleep. James, alone, kept the full night's vigil.

Morning came. The Indians began stirring, unguardedly. James combed his hair, made a great show of getting dressed, and went into the main room. He stirred the fire and stood before it with his hands at ease behind his back.

"Weno se kish," the Indians said, and shaking James' hand, each in solemn friendliness, they went away. The gun above the mantle had not been touched. On the table lay a string of bright turquoise beads beside Emily's crumpled little hair ribbon.

THERE followed long days of cold and hunger. The children, improperly nourished, had wasted in

Willard Luce

"NAVAJO TWINS" AT BLUFF, UTAH

flesh. But there would soon be milk, Mary promised them, for they had six little new calves coming. Then there would be nourishing food for everybody. Mary counted the days anxiously, praying for strength to care for her family in their great need.

"If only the second company would get here," she said over and over again. But the four scouts had been able to give them no definite time to look forward to. It all depended on how the company could manage to work, on the little food that was left to them. The rumor the Indians had brought that a white company was camped on a high ledge above the Colorado River was true. The scouts had confirmed it. But it might be a long time before they got a road chiselled down through the crack they had found in the ledge, and which they were widening into a road.

When Mary, no longer able to endure the suspense in silence, would question her husband about it, James would say, "They'll come, Mary darlin'. They will come."

One night James came from his field fencing, weary and discouraged.

"More of the stock is missing," he said, sitting down to a supper of dry bran, moistened with warm water. The children had been given a little bran mush, and were tossing feverishly in bed.

"Not the milk stock!" Mary cried. "Oh, James!"

"The milk cows are safe, darlin'," James assured her. "But," he added, "if more of our stock is stolen there'll be none to sell for food, even when the spring breaks so we can get to a market."

Mary dropped to her knees beside James, and put her arms comfortingly around him. "Don't worry, James. There is still the seed wheat. If the worst comes, we can eat that."

"Which would only postpone the end, for if we do not plant we will continue to have nothing to eat."

United States Geological Survey

NAVAJO HOGAN IN THE ECHO CLIFFS, UTAH

"It looks like we are abandoned to our fate, James," Mary agreed, "but, even so, we must not give up. We will live through this terrible winter somehow. Already a month has passed since the scouts returned to the Hole in the Rock, where the main company is camped. They promised that if we could hold out sixty days, they would be back with food for us, whether the company had got through or not."

"Yes," James said. "We will have to eat a little of the seed grain."

"Elizabeth's children are worse off than ours are, James," Mary reminded him. "They were very sick today. Her boy came to tell me. I must go down there tonight, James."

"You don't seem to understand, Mary. The cattle were *stolen*. That means Indians. They are raiding again. They are mad at the White Father in Washington for sending the soldiers against them. I think, myself, that it does more harm than good."

"Indians, or no Indians, James Davis, I am going to see Elizabeth. She needs me. I will take Ted. You keep our children here."

Mary stood up, smoothed James' hair tenderly, and went to put on her shawl and gloves. James called Ted in from the woodpile, and told him to accompany his mother.

MARY found Elizabeth bending over a very sick child, helpless to give it relief.

"It's the bran, Mary," Elizabeth said apathetically. "My little one needs food. Our last milk cow sank into the quicksand nearly a month ago. Since then we have had nothing but the culls of the wheat. What can we do?" she cried.

Mary stood watching the convulsive retching of the sick child.

"If there was milk, Elizabeth, it would ease these terrible stomach pains. Where can we go for help?"

"No place," Elizabeth answered. "Henry has even tried to find female animals that he could tame and milk."

Elizabeth's voice was harsh with misery. Her eyes were dry and dull.

"Cry, Elizabeth," Mary pleaded. "Let go and cry!"

Elizabeth's lips twisted into some sort of a smile. "I can't," she said, "the children would start crying, too."

"And that would do you all good! This unnatural fortitude is killing you. Why, we all cry like boobies, when we're too hungry." She looked at Elizabeth, and the tears glistened on her own lashes. "Why do you suppose the good Lord made tear ducts, honey? He gave us tears to keep the heart from breaking."

She bent over the sick child and felt its faint, uneven pulse. The child, she knew, was beyond all earthly help. It breathed its last, feebly sucking its own little lips in vain longing. Mary held her hand on its head, weeping that Elizabeth had to lose her child.

But Elizabeth was past all sense of grief. "I would not have had it live," she murmured. "It is too pitiful to hear it cry for food."

Mary washed and dressed the tiny little body and wrapped the child in a soft, warm blanket. Elizabeth put a little, homemade lamb in its arms.

Ted dug the grave, and just as the twilight closed sharply around them, they buried the baby. The next day James erected a slab of sandstone to mark the grave. He had carved the

name, the date, and a little inscription, "At Rest," on the slab—with a broken butcher knife.

THE lonely hours dragged to midnight, but still Elizabeth sat before the fire. The Davis family had long before gone home. Henry and the children were in bed. Elizabeth had promised that she would only sit by the fire a while, and then she would go to bed, too. But the hours passed and she had not moved. Her body, as inert as her mind, seemed incapable of action. The only thing she seemed to think was that she was waiting for someone.

She was not surprised, when, hours later, just as the gray morning light came over the hills, her brother George rode into the yard. He spoke to the yelping big dog that bounded to meet him, and dismounted.

"George." Elizabeth had come to the door. There was no excitement in her voice, no welcome, and no relief. "You came too late," she said.

George asked no questions. He took his sister back to the fire, and stood beside her chair.

"You said you would come, George, or die in the attempt." Elizabeth looked steadily into the fire. "I've been waiting for you all night."

George smoothed her hair, letting Elizabeth get around to telling him in her own way what had happened. He dropped wearily to his knees, relaxed to a sitting position on the floor, and put his head in her lap, waiting for her to continue. Elizabeth took a lock of his hair and twisted it around her finger, letting her hand rest on his head. George sighed. His body sagged against her knees. Elizabeth relaxed in her chair and closed her eyes. She heard George's horse shake himself and then lie down, saddled as he was, in the dooryard.

"There'll be food for breakfast," she said, and went to sleep.

SPRING brought new life to the countryside. But the two families had eaten all their seed grains, so it meant nothing to them to feel the warmth of the sun, or to know that it was time to plow and plant.

George Hobbs had gone back to the camp of the main company. The food he had brought to the mission had saved their lives, but now it, too, was gone. Unless they could get through to Mancos to buy food, they would not be able to live more than a week longer. And in neither family was there anyone well enough to make the long and dangerous trip into Colorado for food. Their only hope was that the main company would come soon.

"But we've been hoping for that until hope is a mockery," Mary asserted.

As usual, James answered: "They will get through, darlin', they'll get through!"

Lewellen Harris, a missionary, came to the Montezuma settlement. He told them that the company would come in about ten days. They had finally crossed the Colorado, and were slowly making their way, through the wildest country on earth, to the San Juan.

"We haven't food enough to last even that long," Mary answered. "There is seed wheat to last for two days, and that," she said, "is for my children! Grownups must do the best they can."

"That is right, Sister Davis," Lewellen Harris replied, "but your wheat will last much longer than that."

Mary looked at him in surprised disbelief, started to protest, and then accepted his words.

That night, and for three more nights, she made wheat bread. She sent half of each portion to Elizabeth and her children. Her own portion, she contrived to give to James without him knowing that she had done it. For days he had been too ill to work on the river dam that he and Ted had started, to divert water to their farms, though what good that would do when there was nothing to plant, she didn't know.

She went into the yard, so that she would not be tantalized by the delicious odor of the warm wheat bread, trying to keep her mind on just ordinary things—like water, and land, and the coming of the second company.

Lewellen Harris stayed with the Davis family six days, and each night Mary made wheat bread. When he had gone, James said to Mary: "Darlin' I thought you said there was only wheat enough to last two days?"

"And there is wheat enough for two days still, James." Mary offered no explanation, for there was none.

James and Mary sat before their fire that night until long after their usual bedtime.

"Lewellen Harris is a good man," James said fervently. And they knelt and gave their humble thanks that his words had been fulfilled.

Ten days later, April 1, 1879, as Lewellen Harris had predicted that they would, the main company of settlers of the San Juan Mission entered San Juan County.

(To be continued)

THE GOLDEN THREAD

Renie H. Littlewood

Into the tapestry of this great land
Are woven, warp and woof, the noblest dreams
Of many peoples, and they ever stand
As beacon lights that cast refulgent gleams
Athwart our paths. All through the weaving run
The golden threads of humble gratefulness,
Set in a pattern that was first begun
By men who deemed their blessings measureless.

In early days when Pilgrim Fathers gave
Full thanks to their Creator's gracious hand
For bounteous harvests garnered, and the brave,
Undaunted folk were fed, the little band
Became the first to use the golden thread
That weaves a bright design repeated through
The years. Whenever men give thanks for bread,
The pattern reappears in brighter hue.

Breakfasts

Sara Mills

FALL and winter breakfasts should be ample and hot, *and they should be varied.* I have in mind, particularly, appetite-filling breakfasts for holidays, special company, and Sundays—not the first Sunday in the month, of course. Yes, I know about households where Sunday breakfast has to be a rushed affair. I belonged to a family of eight, with all eight of us going to Sunday School on time.

The first breakfast listed below can be cooked and served in a very few minutes and it does not take all the dishes in the cupboard. It also lasts.

MENUS

1

Orange juice, grapefruit, or a fruit compote
Hot oat cereal
Danish pastry or buns
Milk

Follow the fruit with a big dish of hot steel-cut oats, cooked for at least an hour in your double boiler on Saturday. Use brown sugar or honey to sweeten it. End with the best piece of Danish pastry or bun you've been able to buy or bake the day before. With the pastry goes a tall glass of milk, either warm or cold.

2

Fruit compote*
Orange bran muffins*
Cheese omelette*
Jam
Warm milk drink

If you feel opulent, add ham or bacon.

3

Fresh fruit or fruit compote
Welsh rarebit on toast*
Bacon or sausages

A neat trick with the bacon is to bake it. Place the slices on a wire rack and set in a dripping pan. Bake in a hot oven for ten minutes or so.

4

Special pineapple dish*
Hot muffins

This is a dish to be cooked when you feel like pleasing someone or indulging yourself. It may take some juggling of the budget.

RECIPES

ORANGE MUFFINS

1 cup bran
1 cup flour
½ cup orange juice
¼ cup milk, preferably canned
1 egg
¼ tsp. soda
2 tsp. baking powder
2 tbsp. shortening
2 tbsp. sugar
Grated rind of one orange

Let the bran soak in the orange juice, milk, and grated rind for five minutes. Cream the shortening and sugar, add the egg, and beat together. Then add the bran mixture and the flour, sifted with the salt, baking powder, sugar, and soda. Bake in a 400° oven for about 25 minutes. (Makes 12 muffins.) You may use the same proportions of orange, bran, and soda for waffles.

CHEESE OMELETTE

1 egg
1 half eggshell light cream
1 rounded tbsp. grated cheese
Salt to season

Break the egg into a shallow bowl, add the cream, cheese, and salt. With a fork beat the mixture lightly a few times, then pour it into a butter-greased hot, but not sizzling, frying pan. When it is done, and easy does it here, flip it over with a turner and serve it at once, hot and tempting in odor. Carefully prepared, this omelette will make any breakfast.

WELSH RAREBIT

2 cups milk
1 cup grated American cheese (slightly nippy, if possible)
1 rounded tsp. butter
2 eggs
½ tsp. dry mustard
1 tsp. vinegar
1 tsp. flour
Salt, pepper, paprika, a dash of cayenne, a few drops of Worcestershire sauce

Put the dry ingredients, along with the sauce and vinegar, into the top of a double boiler. Stir together and add the eggs and cheese. Beat these together with a fork. Then add the milk and butter. Cook over boiling water and stir all the time. When the spoon coats properly, the dish is ready. Pour over hot toast and serve at once. Don't let it overcook. The recipe serves two or three people.

SPECIAL PINEAPPLE DISH

(This recipe is for individual portions)

1 banana
1 slice pineapple
1 slice ham
1 egg
Pineapple juice contained in the can
Brown sugar to sweeten
Lump of butter

Split the banana and fry it in butter and fry a piece of ham in another skillet. Place the pineapple on top of the ham and quickly scramble an egg in the other frying pan. Top the pineapple with a serving of syrup made from the leftover pineapple juice, the brown sugar, and butter. Then place the scrambled egg next to the ham on a serving plate.

FRUIT COMPOTE

Orange juice base
Fresh, dried, or canned fruits

A favorite fruit compote for wintertime is made of stewed dried fruits—peaches, pears, apricots, and a few prunes, if you wish. Use an orange juice base for this and all fruit compotes. For variation, you may slice the oranges. Sliced pineapple, fresh or canned, or pineapple juice enhances almost any combination. Sliced bananas are never amiss either. Perhaps the compote many of you will use most will be made of your own canned fruit. You may use any combination, but peaches, apricots, and cherries are particularly appetizing.

In the season thereof, there is nothing like a fresh fruit compote. Strawberries blend with orange juice. Fresh freestone peaches, sliced with pears and covered with orange juice, with maybe a sprinkling of lemon juice, and garnished with seedless grapes, make a dish to be seconded. If you live where papayas and mangos are not luxuries, don't forget to use them in combination with orange juice and other fruits. Stewed rhubarb, while not exotic, is more than good served with sliced oranges and bananas.

There is something new to be added, papaya juice, packed in Hawaii. It can and should be used freely in fruit compotes.

VIGIL

Matia McClelland Burk

Dark was the night when the bird came flying
Over the desert's lone expanse;
Swift was its flight, and strange its crying.
Was it sent, somehow? Did it come by chance?
All I could do was stand and wonder,
While the lightning echoed in distant thunder.

Christmas, Or a Reasonable Facsimile

Mabel Harmer

ELLA raised her head with a slight start as she heard her niece's voice in the next booth. She knew that Janet was an old patron at the salon—that was why she had come herself—so there was not too much cause for surprise.

"I guess you'll want something extra swish this time," the operator said. "You'll be going to the dance at the Country Club on Christmas night, of course."

"No," answered Janet in a flat tone. "On Christmas night I'll be going, as usual, to my aunt's place to gorge on an old-fashioned, homey dinner, sit around a tree with a hoary angel on top, and sing carols with all my relatives. I tried to get out of it last year, but Father says that we can't let her down, that she starts planning for one Christmas the day after the other is over. You can't tell me that he wouldn't like to go to the club himself."

"But, why do you have to go?" asked the operator.

"No special reason," Janet replied, "only that she helped bring the family up, and everybody is afraid of hurting her feelings. Oh, I guess the folks don't mind so frightfully, but I hate to lose out on a holiday dance."

Ella shot a quick glance at the operator to see if she had understood, but there was no change in the girl's expression as she slipped on the hair net and arranged the dryer. She turned on the heat and left Ella to the turmoil of her own thoughts.

There had been other times when she had experienced this same feeling of complete desolation, but then she had been younger and more hopeful. What a silly old thing she had been, anyway, to suppose that the rest of the family had as much joy as she in coming back for Christmas. They all had their own families and nice, modern apartments.

When her hair was dry and Maizie was taking pains to put in the pins just so, Ella wanted to stop her and cry out, "It doesn't matter. Nobody is going to see my hair, anyway." But she kept very still and even refrained from jamming her hat down over it.

The jostling crowds on the street seemed different than when she had gone into the beauty shop. They were no longer gay but merely intent on pushing a way through. The Salvation Army Santa Claus shifted his weight from one foot to another in an attempt to warm his feet, and the little bell sounded dismal and ineffectual.

AT home she dropped her bundles and sat down at once to telephone each of her relatives. She decided to start with Nancy, her sister-in-law, who would probably be the only one to mind having the dinner called off because she hated to cook one herself.

It was easier than she had hoped.

"Hello, Nan," Ella spoke cheerfully, "I know it's dreadful of me to call you so late, but would you mind too much if I don't have you for dinner this year? I have some friends coming"—she had a moment of panic, that wasn't what she had intended to say at all—"and I'll be glad to have you some other time, perhaps later in the week."

"No, we won't mind," answered Nancy, obviously taken very much by surprise. "We'll miss your lovely party, of course, but there's no reason why you should go on doing all this work for us indefinitely. I would have cut it out long ago had it been I."

Ella was quite sure that she would. She couldn't imagine Nancy doing all that work for a family gathering or for anyone else.

When she called her sister, June promptly said, "I think that there's too much fuss made over Christmas, anyway. Emery and I will probably go to a movie and have a snack at the hotel."

She put the phone back and walked absently into the living room. The tree stood tall and moody, its green arms hungering for the bright baubles that would bring it to charmed life.

I might just as well trim it, she thought. I can't just let it stand there like that. Besides, some of the folks may be dropping in and they'll think it queer if I don't.

When it was all trimmed, even to the last of the icicles placed carefully on the boughs, she sat back to look at it.

It's beautiful, she thought, really beautiful. It almost makes a Christmas, or at least a reasonable facsimile. Somebody ought to have a chance to enjoy it. She wondered if there was possibly anybody she might ask in. She had told Nancy she was having friends and with her inquisitive nature she wouldn't rest until she found out who.

Perhaps if she tried real hard she could think of someone who wasn't tied up with a family. She started to go down the street, house by house. The Clowards, no, they always had their children come. The Arthurs went home to her mother. Who was it that lived in their basement apartment? She remembered now, the Giffords, the young man and the German girl he had married while he was overseas in the army. The girl probably didn't know a soul in town. She might ask them. They couldn't do more than turn her down.

There should be someone else, perhaps that fellow Munsey who lived alone in the stucco house. He hadn't been there very long and nobody but Keats, the mailman, seemed to know anything about him. Keats said that he got a lot of mail. He could be a secret agent for all she knew.

There just wasn't another soul in town unless she asked the Adams sisters, and folks thought them a little queer. Well, maybe people thought that she was queer, too, and just hadn't said so to her face. She'd ask them all.

SHE started out just after breakfast the next morning, while her resolve was still high.

Young Mrs. Gifford was dusting her living room, her blond hair tied up in a blue kerchief that made a pretty contrast with her pink cheeks. Ella was surprised that the girl spoke

such good English. Of course, she had a heavy accent but, at least, she knew all the words.

"I'm Ella Mathews, the music teacher," she explained. "I live two blocks down the street in the big, red house. I wondered if I could persuade you to come to dinner on Christmas night. I've known your husband for years."

Her throat grew tight at the expression which came over the young woman's face, and she knew that the girl had been hungering for a little show of friendliness.

"It is so very kind of you," she answered, "and I am sure that Robert and I will be most happy. And you are a musician," she went on eagerly. "I like music, too. I sing. But I have not sung much since I came to America."

For more reasons than one, thought Ella. Aloud she said, "Then perhaps you will sing for us. I shall look for you at seven."

Heartened by this first success, she rushed on to Mr. Munsey's house. When she reached his door, however, her courage wilted and she felt an overwhelming urge to turn back without knocking. She might have done so if he had not come out just then to put some letters in the mailbox. He was rather tall, or perhaps he just appeared so because he was thin and stooped just a trifle, but he had the nicest eyes Ella could ever remember seeing, and when he smiled she thought he was almost good looking.

He was so much more startled and confused than she that her own shyness vanished and she said pleasantly, "I'm Ella Mathews. I hope you won't think it too odd, but I'm inviting a few newcomers to dinner Christmas night. I happen to live all alone, and this is one of the times I don't like it. Will you come?"

She had obviously taken him so unawares that she wasn't at all sure whether he really wanted to accept or just couldn't think of an excuse. At any rate he said, "Why, thank you very much, Miss Mathews. It's very good of you to take pity on us lone ducks. I'll be very glad to come."

Quite elated now, she hurried the remaining block to the Adams house. The "girls" seemed more than glad to have her come.

"I was just telling Ethel the other day," chirped Henrietta, "that we ought to call on you. It's dreadful how we let old friendships go by."

Ella might have found their little airs amusing if it had not been for the worn rug and the old-fashioned stove which failed to keep the room very warm. When she gave her invitation she saw the glad light flash into their eyes and Henrietta said, "I think it would be lovely to come to your affair, don't you, Ethel?"

Ethel beamed in agreement, and Ella walked out into the crisp air with a heart that was almost light.

She never would have dreamed of asking Roberta Hubbard if she hadn't run into her on the way home so that they walked a couple of blocks together. Roberta was the widow of Hoyt Hubbard who had made a lot of money in automobiles. For over thirty years Ella had never said more than a greeting, but now they began chatting like the old friends they used to be.

"And you're alone, too," Roberta merely stated an unpleasant fact that included them both. "It's worse at Christmas time, isn't it?"

Ella looked up in amazement. It hadn't occurred to her that anyone as rich as Roberta could also be lonely. "Yes," she answered. "It's a great deal worse. That's one reason why I'm having a small dinner party. Will you come?"

"I'll be glad to," said Roberta, frankly. Evidently it hadn't occurred to anyone else either that the rich Mrs. Hubbard could be lonely.

ELLA opened her gifts half-heartedly on Christmas morning. They were all nice, useful things, quite suitable for a maiden sister who didn't dress up much to go places, didn't entertain, didn't do a thing more exciting than teach the chromatic scale to the neighborhood children. Then she waited until the time finally dragged around to when she could put the turkey in the oven.

She had just started to set the table when Clay phoned. "I'm in a bit of a tight spot, Sis," he began. "It looks as if you might have to ask us to dinner, after all. That is, if you can possibly manage."

Ella hesitated. Except for Mrs. Hubbard, her guests were definitely not Clay's idea of the "right people."

"It's like this," he went on, "Mrs. Hubbard just called and asked us to pick her up. She took it for granted we'd be coming. I hardly know how to explain and, besides, I'm trying to keep in touch with her right now. I'm struggling to sell her a big annuity."

"That's all right," Ella said, anxious to get on with her dinner. "Shall I set for all three of you?"

"No, just Evelyn and me. Janet is going to the Country Club."

She hurriedly put another leaf in the table and made up place cards. There would be eight, just the number she had counted on in the first place for the family. She surveyed the table with pleasure. It looked better this way. More like a party. She started back to the kitchen when the phone rang again. This time it was Nancy who spoke plaintively, "Ella, could you possibly squeeze us in? Ted absolutely refuses to go down town to dinner. He says the last time he ate turkey at the hotel he got ptomaine poisoning. I know it's just an excuse—and the boys aren't even speaking to me. They think it was all my idea."

"I can manage," said Ella shortly. "Dinner is at seven."

She cleared off one end of the table and put in another leaf. Might as well put in two while I'm at it, she thought. It will save time when June calls. For that matter, I might just as well call her myself. That will save time, too, and explanations.

She had to take off all the place cards now because there weren't enough to go around, but that didn't matter too much. There was plenty of turkey and trimmings.

The Adams sisters were the first of her guests to arrive. In fact, they came half an hour early, and Henrietta said, "We couldn't remember whether you said six-thirty or seven. I hope it's all right?"

"Of course. I'm glad you came early," said Ella heartily.

The Giffords arrived just before seven, Erna Gifford looking very lovely in a blue velvet dress. "My Christmas present from Robert," she confided when Ella complimented her upon it. "It is so wonderful to have nice clothes again."

The introductions were barely over when Mr. Munsey arrived, looking

almost distinguished, thought Ella in surprise, with a snowy silk muffler inside his blue topcoat.

Clay and Evelyn ushered in Mrs. Hubbard with exactly the same deference they would have shown to the First Lady. The rest of the family, a bit breathless, arrived just in time for dinner.

Ella could never remember of being so happy. When dinner was over and they had returned to the living room, Mrs. Gifford suggested shyly, "Won't you play for us, please?"

"I'll play for you to sing," answered Ella promptly and brought out her book of Christmas carols. Erna Gifford didn't have to be coaxed. She seemed eager to sing again. Quite naturally she went to the piano and sang "Holy Night, Silent Night."

They were all amazed at the beauty of her voice. "Why, you're a real professional, aren't you?" exclaimed Ella.

"Oh, no," she smiled and then added, "Do you mind very much if I sing it in German?"

"We'd love to hear you," answered Ella, without even glancing at Clay.

Erna sang "Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht" with such feeling and nostalgia for something that was gone forever that Ella felt her throat tighten, and Mrs. Hubbard exclaimed with genuine warmth, "You really are an artist!"

A minute later Ted, who had been talking to Mr. Munsey, boomed out, "By Jove! Then you must be the J. B. Munsey who writes the mystery stories." Scarcely waiting for Munsey's nod, he called out to Ella, "Why didn't you let us know you were entertaining a celebrity? I haven't missed one of his stories in years."

She was not too much surprised when Janet dropped in about ten o'clock, followed by two gangling youths. The girl made no apologies beyond, "There wasn't a thing but punch and wafers and we're starved. I knew you'd have oodles of food. May we have just a few slivers of turkey?"

"About three inches per sliver?" added one of the boys.

She set food on the table and, as she went back into the living room, she heard Mrs. Hubbard say, "Yes, there's a stability about our old homes and families that one seldom finds in these days."

"Indeed you are right," answered Clay, as heartily as if he had been president of the "Love the Old Home" society. "That's our idea exactly."

It was after midnight when they left, with Nancy saying, "I had no idea you knew so many interesting people," and Ted adding in an undertone, "But I don't think it was quite fair for you to ditch your family for them."

"I never shall again," promised Ella.

In the rush of goodbyes Mr. Munsey managed to say, "Thank you for a most delightful evening. I do hope that I may come again."

"Of course," smiled Ella. "I hope that you will."

She closed the door and began in a sort of happy trance to clear up the dining room table. She believed that the next time she went to the beauty salon she'd try that new hairdo with the swirls!

Real Bargains

Ivie H. Jones

President, Spanish-American Mission Relief Society

A bargain is not a bargain unless it is the proper size or is usable. I carry in my purse, at all times, a small flat notebook in which is written the sizes of some of my windows, length and width for tablecloths, amount of material needed for dickies, blouses, etc., and numerous other measurements, so that when I see a bargain I will know the correct sizes and amounts to buy.

On another page in my little memo book I record the sizes for hats, shoes, hose, underwear, coveralls, and shirts for the children, in-laws, and grandchildren. Whenever I get a chance, without them catching me, I also measure the width of their clothes across the shoulders, the length of their sleeves, length of their hose from heel to toe, length of the little girl's skirt, boy's trousers, or any other measurements that would be helpful in determining their size should I run across a bargain or something especially attractive. About twice a year I try to bring this list up to date, making a note of the changes in size.

In the bottom of my purse I keep a tiny, flat, metal tape measure. It is only a foot long when opened up and folds up to four inches in length, so it really takes up very little space in my purse Sometimes garments at sales are not correctly marked for size. If there is a question, out comes my metal tape.

It is always thrilling to receive a letter saying: "The things you sent the children for Christmas fit perfectly, how did you ever guess the size?"

It is easy to guess when one has correct measurements, and when I see a bargain I can buy unafraid, for I know how much to buy and *what size!*

REVEALED

Ora Lee Parthesius

Those lemon-yellow leaves, the last that cling,
Accentuate the darkened symmetry
Of barren branches; then, that fluttering
Of color goes; there is the poignancy,
The innate strength of every twig revealed
In nakedness. Whatever be the cost—
Our youth, our visions—when the scars are healed,
The skeleton of faith will not be lost.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

Regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" appear in the *Magazine* for October 1946, page 685.

WELFARE WORK, BAZAARS, AND OTHER ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Viola Onyon

HIGHLAND STAKE (SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH), HIGHLAND PARK WARD RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS PREPARING FOR THEIR BAZAAR

Front row seated, left to right: Margaret Wells, quilting director; Evelyn Lewis, First Counselor; Octavo Weiler, President; Ruby Peterson, Second Counselor; Ella Smith, sewing class leader.

Back row standing, left to right: Hannah Johnson; Hazel Tingey; Florence Fairbanks; Otillie Lake; Elsie Nordberg; Elsie Higgins; Rozella Thorpe; Viola Onyon; Nedra Strong; Pearl Fisher.

The 120 members of this Relief Society sponsored a very successful bazaar and cafeteria, from which money was obtained to purchase two new electric sewing machines and to reimburse the treasury, which had become depleted during the war years.

Photograph submitted by Hazel West Gunderson

NORTH WEBER STAKE (UTAH), OGDEN THIRD WARD RELIEF SOCIETY ASSEMBLED FOR WELFARE SEWING, June 10, 1947

At left of quilt in foreground: Brother and Sister John Hill. Brother Hill is eighty-six years old and Sister Hill is eighty-three. She is a visiting teacher and has been *The Relief Society Magazine* agent for eighteen years.

In the foreground at quilt: Almarinda Gregson, age ninety-four. Back of the quilt: Edith Owens; at right: Katie Doman.

First row, standing, seventh from the left: President Jane P. Obray, with First Counselor Mary M. Wiggins on her left and Second Counselor Cindy A. Bartell on her right.

Melva O. Stratford is president of North Weber Stake Relief Society.

DANISH MISSION, RELIEF SOCIETY CHRISTMAS SOCIAL IN COPENHAGEN

Elder Alma L. Petersen, President of the Danish Mission, reports a Christmas party sponsored by the mission board and the Relief Society of Copenhagen in December 1946: "The spirit there was wonderful. The hall was beautifully decorated in Christmas colors; refreshments were served, Christmas carols were sung, and a nice program was given. But the thing that, more than anything else, will make us remember particularly this party was the Christmas pageant sent out by the mission board and written and directed by Sister Johanne Ostrup. While we were all sitting at the tables the three Wise Men came into the hall, perfectly costumed in raiment designed by Sister Louise Sorensen. Slowly the Wise Men walked down the hall to the stage where the blue velvet curtain was covered with hundreds of little stars, with one big, shining one hanging at the top. The curtain was then drawn aside, and we could see the virgin Mary with the Christ Child on her lap and Joseph standing behind her. The Singing Mothers then began the lovely song 'A Child was Born at Bethlehem.' The Wise Men walked up to the child, knelt down, and brought him their offerings. There were tears in many eyes, and everyone felt that he had been on sacred ground. The Relief Society sisters have once more made many people happy. May God bless them in their great work."

Photograph submitted by May Greenwood

ALPINE STAKE (UTAH), AMERICAN FORK FIFTH WARD WELFARE ASSIGNMENT

Standing back of their display of Welfare sewing, are, left to right: Mary Brooks, sewing director; Myrtle Saxton, sewing director; Hannah Aydelotte, First Counselor; May Greenwood, President; Rachel Bell, Second Counselor; Harriett Barratt, Secretary-Treasurer.

This Welfare assignment, in a new ward, was finished in an incredibly short time, the completed articles being turned over to the stake March 1, 1947.

Alice W. Carlisle is president of Alpine Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Orlene L. Henrie

GUNNISON STAKE (UTAH), GUNNISON WARD RELIEF SOCIETY QUILT MAKERS

Front row, left to right: Lydia Duggins; Matilda Hill; Chrissie Farr; Lizzie Baxter; Birdie Prichett; Belle Sanderson.

Back row, left to right: Mary Roberts; Naomi Anderson, President, Gunnison Ward Relief Society; Eva Christiansen; Minnie Edwards, Second Counselor; Tene Neilsen; Dagmar Munk; Stena Larsen; Laura Jensen; Lillian Condor; Linda Myrup; Julia Lund; Orella Wilkensen; Inez Modeen.

This group has completed many beautiful quilts, some of them stitched in intricate and exquisite designs.

Photograph submitted by Orlene L. Henrie

GUNNISON STAKE (UTAH), FAYETTE WARD RELIEF SOCIETY MEMBERS ASSEMBLED AT WORK MEETING

Front row, left to right: Florence Bartholomew, Secretary; Dianna Christensen; Sarah Hill; Jane Hill; Annie Robinson.

Second row, left to right: Lillian Lyman; Melba Mellor; Ruth James; Elaine Mellor; Belle Mellor; La Dean Mellor, Second Counselor; Catherine Bartholomew, President; Fern Mellor; Ruby Olsen; Ethel Christensen.

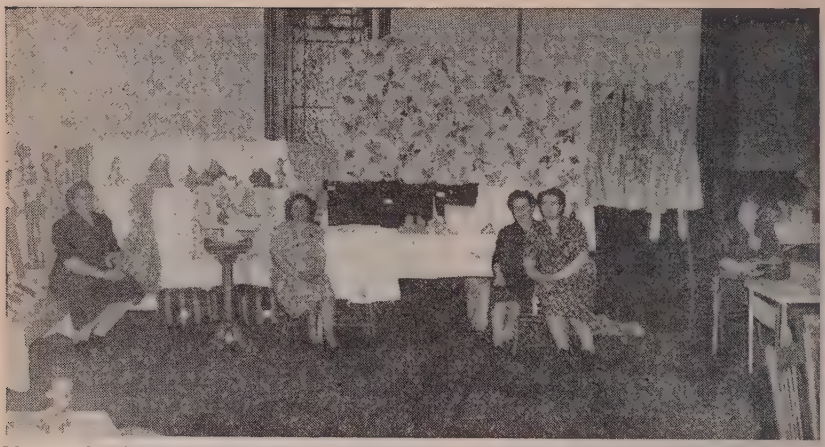
Back row, left to right: Emma James; Izola Bartholomew; Rachel Mellor; Bonnie Mellor; Ella Bown; Melba Bartholomew; Christena Jensen.

Fifty per cent of the ward Relief Society membership attended this meeting.

Orlene L. Henrie is president of Gunnison Stake Relief Society.

MOUNT LOGAN STAKE (UTAH), PROVIDENCE SECOND WARD, STRAWBERRY FESTIVAL, June 17, 1947

Lovisa H. Maughan, President, Mount Logan Stake Relief Society, reports an unusual summer gathering of the Providence Second Ward Relief Society members and the presidents, their counselors, and secretaries of Riverside, Logan Seventh, Eighth, Eleventh, Thirteenth, and Providence First Ward. The tables were beautifully decorated with summer flowers, and nut bread and strawberries were served in abundance.



Photograph submitted by Alberta O. Doxey

EASTERN STATES MISSION, CUMORAH DISTRICT, ROCHESTER BRANCH (NEW YORK) RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR, May 2, 1947

Seated in front of one of the booths in their large and beautiful bazaar: Jennie Vander Hoven, First Counselor; Mae St. Amour, Second Counselor; Helen Boas, sewing leader, who also made the quilt; Emilie Gerloch, President; Clasina Vander Hoven, Secretary.

Included in the bazaar, in addition to the quilt, were many aprons, children's and babies' clothing, sweaters, toys, towels, blouses, shopping bags, and many pieces of lovely handwork.

Alberta O. Doxey is president of the Eastern States Mission Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Bertie Epps

EAST CENTRAL STATES MISSION, GOLDSBORO (NORTH CAROLINA), RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR

Posed in front of their display of sewing and handmade articles, are, left to right: Henrietta Ham, sewing class leader; Henrietta Codgell, President, Goldsboro Relief So-

ciety; Bertie Epps, District Relief Society President; Roberta Buck, First Counselor, Goldsboro Relief Society.

Many articles not shown in the photograph were made for this bazaar, including a table of cakes and pies which were sold, making a total income of $250. Picnic lunches of fried chicken, sandwiches, and other treats were served.

Hilda M. Richards is president of the East Central States Mission Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Natella L. Nelson

PROVO STAKE (UTAH), MANAVU WARD PROGRAM HONORING TEN PRESIDENTS OF RELIEF SOCIETY, March 17, 1947

Seated, left to right: Emily H. Nielson; Clara B. Warnick; Adehlia G. Jackson; Annie S. Huish; Hattie T. Snow.

Standing, left to right: Ida A. Taylor; Amanda Johnston; Odessa Cullimore; Mazie C. Knell; Gretta P. Romney, present president of Manavu Ward Relief Society.

Nine past presidents and the present president were honored at this reception. Later, they all took part in a dramatization "Through Memory Lane," and each was presented with a favor. Many of the Relief Society members, as well as the honored guests, appeared in pioneer costumes. Pioneer relics belonging to members of the ward were on display and refreshments were served from a unique table covered with a checkered cloth and centered with a small covered wagon and miniature pioneers.

Rozella J. Collard and Celia R. Geertsen are Sister Romney's counselors.

Inez B. Allred is president of Provo Stake Relief Society.

PASADENA (CALIFORNIA) STAKE VISITING TEACHERS CONVENTION May 23, 1947

Three hundred women attended this very successful convention and awards were presented to the Belvedere Ward for having 99% visiting teaching since August 1944; Eastmont and Montebello wards for achieving 96%; to Mission Park and Monrovia wards for having 100% of their visiting teachers present; to Grace M. Abersald, age seventy-eight, as the oldest visiting teacher; Mary Reed and Margaret B. Black for fifty years of service as visiting teachers; and Dorothy W. Hales, age twenty, as the youngest visiting teacher. Madge P. Fowler is president of Pasadena Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Zelma P. Beardall

KOLOB STAKE (UTAH), MAPLETON WARD SINGING MOTHERS

Front row, left to right: Zina Dibble; Beth Jensen; Lora Bird; Lenore Bills; Laura Bennett; Jayne Jensen; Hannah Binks.

Back row, left to right: Pearl Holley; Senate Mendenhall, president of the group; Birdie Nielsen; Ella Johnson; Brother Elmo Jensen, director; Norma Cox, accompanist; Norma Adamson; Martha Houtz; Eva M. Bird, President, Mapleton Ward Relief Society; Olive Whiting.

This group has rendered much service to the ward and to the community. They have presented many exceptionally fine programs, including a sacrament meeting program given last December.

Zelma P. Beardall is president of Kolob Stake Relief Society.

AUSTRALIAN MISSION, RELIEF SOCIETY MEMBERS ASSEMBLED AT DISTRICT CONFERENCE, BRISBANE, April 27, 1947

Seated in the center of the front row are Sister Florence T. Rees, retiring president

of the Australian Mission Relief Society, and Sister Blanche Kimball Richmond, the new president.

Standing back of Sister Richmond is Sister E. Orth, President of the Brisbane Relief Society, with her counselors, Norah H. Waters on her right and May Sharman on her left.

Sister C. Christie, First Counselor in the Nambour Branch Relief Society, is seated in the front row, fourth from the left; Sister S. Wilkin, President of the Woowoomba Branch Relief Society is standing in the rear of the second row, third from the right, and her second counselor Lucy Bailey stands in the back row third from the left.

Photograph submitted by Edna H. Perry

POCATELLO STAKE (IDAHO), FORT HALL BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY MONTHLY PREPARATION MEETING, February 1947

Seated left to right: Elgla Perry; First Counselor Jane Allred; President Edna Perry; Second Counselor Lucile Cutler; Secretary Verna Green; Zella Hansen.

Standing left to right: Ruby Siller; Norma Orchard; Hazel Davis; Nona Ashton; Helen Kotter; Mildred Claunch; Helen Sokolik; Bengta Lennon.

The monthly preparation meetings are held in the evenings at the homes of the visiting teachers. Outlines of the lessons for the next month are presented and the visiting teacher's topic is discussed, followed by an open forum in which the problems and the work of the Society are presented for comments and suggestions. All the members of the Fort Hall Branch Relief Society are very much interested in the work and the attendance is very good. There are twenty members.

ON A FIFTIETH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

Eunice J. Miles

Their marriage moved on wings of understanding,
The salt of laughter livened somber days;
They steered their love-ship to a happy landing
With steadfastness, and hope, and mutual praise.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology—The Life and Ministry of the Savior

Lesson 5—"The Boy of Nazareth"
"In the Wilderness of Judea"

Elder Don B. Colton

(Reference: *Jesus the Christ*, Chapters 9 and 10, by Elder James E. Talmage)

For Tuesday, February 3, 1948

Objective: To show that Jesus early understood his divine calling and spent a period of careful preparation for his great ministry.

JOSEPH and Mary, upon their return from Egypt, established their home in the small town of Nazareth in Galilee. They fain would have gone to Bethlehem, the city of their ancestors, but Joseph, "being warned of God in a dream, he turned aside into the parts of Galilee" (Matt. 2:22). It had been said by a prophet of old that "He shall be called a Nazarene."

Here, the boy Jesus grew to manhood. Because so little is known of his boyhood, the sacred word is, no doubt, wisely silent on the events of his early years. His infancy and boyhood were natural and actual. Though a God before his birth, the veil of forgetfulness common to all who are born to earth "shut off the vision of his primeval existence." He came to earth to have, and did have, the experiences of mortality.

We are justified in saying that he was taught well in the Jewish law and the Old Testament scriptures. "And the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom: and the grace of God was upon him" (Luke 2:40). Later in life this was fully shown, though he offended the Jews by not quoting more frequently from the scriptures.

Both Joseph and Mary seem to have been strict observers of the law of Moses. Its provisions required the men, and allowed the women, to observe the Feast of the Passover annually. (The establishment of this sacred ceremonial should be reviewed. Deut. 16:1-6 and Ex. 12)

The twelfth year was extremely important to every Jewish boy. During that year he became "a son of the law." He was recognized as a member of his home community. When Jesus was twelve years old, his parents took him to Jerusalem to observe the Feast of the Passover:

> This journey has particular significance because it is the first appearance of Jesus in the sacred record, following His return with Mary and Joseph, to Nazareth from Egypt. After this appearance in the Temple, the record is silent about the next succeeding eighteen years, when Jesus, being about thirty years old, appears on the banks of the Jordan to be baptized of John. (President J. Reuben Clark, Jr.)

President Clark has written an excellent treatise entitled "Wist Ye Not That I Must Be About My Father's Business?" It appeared first in *The Relief Society Magazine* (December 1943 issue and the first five issues of 1944), and may now be purchased from the General Board of Relief Society. Anyone who reads this will be greatly enlightened.

During these annual gatherings Jerusalem was a city of between two and three millions of people. "Innumerable multitudes" came from all the provinces of the Holy Land.

Usually, the feast, or celebration, lasted several days. On the memorable event of the first visit of Jesus, and after the feast, Joseph and Mary had gone a "day's journey" toward home when they discovered the boy was not with the company. There can be but little doubt that he had planned to stay behind and do the work in the temple necessary to fit him for his future tasks. He felt the urge of his great work. When his parents, after three days of searching, found him conversing in the temple with the learned priests and scribes, he must have known his mission. In answer to their anxious inquiry, he said to his mother: "How is it that ye sought me? wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" (Luke 2:49).

With our knowledge of the preexistence, we are sure he had begun, at that early age, to understand the full import of his calling. It is stated: "And they understood not the saying which he spake unto them." He knew whereof he spoke, but even his mother seems never to have fully understood.

All that we have recorded in the scriptures concerning the events of the eighteen years following the visit of Jesus to the temple is found in one meaningful sentence: "And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man" (Luke 2:52).

In the Wilderness of Judea

Attention was called in a previous lesson to the birth of one of the great characters of the Messianic period. The son of Zacharias, known as John the Baptist, commenced his preaching in the wilderness. He had evidently spent much time preparing for his great work. His teachers were divinely appointed, and he had communed with God apart from the busy "marts of trade." John lived the simple life. He wore a "raiment of camel's hair, and a leathern girdle

A Perry Picture

MADONNA AND CHILD

From a painting by Janssen

about his loins; and his meat was locusts and wild honey." His message was one calling for repentance and a clean life. Ceremonials and outward forms of Jewish origin would be no longer the only criterion for religious life. He called upon the people everywhere to repent "for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." One mightier than he was soon to appear.

John's mission was one to prepare the people for the coming of their Lord. He baptized with water, but one should come who would baptize with "the Holy Ghost and with fire." It was a new message. He scathingly rebuked hypocrisy and called for a humble life, devoted to serving God and keeping his commandments in the truest sense of the term. The people were in the fold of Abraham when they lived the gospel as taught by Abraham.

Many people were convinced by his burning words and asked: "What shall we do then?" Though revolutionary, the answer was plain and clear-cut: "He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none; and he that hath meat, let him do likewise" (Luke 3:11). It was a call for love, for service to fellow men, for helpfulness and good will toward those in distress. His call to repentance was not limited to one class or creed. It was to all men everywhere. Mark, a youthful convert, said it was "The beginning of the gospel of Jesus Christ, the Son of God" (Mark 1:1). John not only preached "the kingdom of heaven is at hand," but that the King was there.

> Then went out to him Jerusalem, and all Judea, and all the region round about Jordan, and were baptized of him in Jordan, confessing their sins (Matt. 3:5-6).

Then came one lesson for all men everywhere to remember. The Creator of the world—the Lord Omnipotent—came from Galilee to Jordan unto John, to be baptized of him. It is doubtful that John's recognition was full and complete at first, but he did recognize the sinlessness and greatness of the character before him. Knowing that baptism was for the remission of sins, "John forbade him, saying, I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me?"

The Mighty One replied: "Suffer it to be so now: for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness" (Matt. 3:14-15).

Jesus humbly complied with the same law that is required of the lowliest of the candidates for the celestial kingdom:

> And Jesus, when he was baptized, went up straightway out of the water: and lo, the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon him: And lo a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased (Matt. 3:16-17).

In addition to the form and necessity of baptism, the incident also teaches unmistakably the distinct individuality and personage of the three members of the Godhead. Note our first article of faith with reference to the account in the New Testament of the baptism of Jesus. The lesson should be very carefully studied. It is vital.

Following the baptism of the Savior, occurred one of the most remarkable episodes in history. The Lord decided to go into solitary se-

clusion while he worked upon, may we say, "mapped out," his future course of action. He must not be disturbed while he studied, fasted, and prayed. It must not be assumed that the chief purpose of the experience in the wilderness was to be tempted and to show that the Lord could withstand temptation. It was a period of communion with God and his angels, a period to prepare for some of the greatest events of all time. He needed and wanted preparation. He was the "master teacher." The clarion call is for all who teach to prepare. The Savior "progressed step by step," as all must do. To begin with, he must have known something of his particular mission and status. His Father acknowledged him; the Holy Ghost had come to him, and had surely borne witness to his glorious divinity.

For forty days and nights he fasted, prayed, and studied. His physical being was brought into perfect subjection to his spirit. At the end of that strenuous period, he was hungry. Who wouldn't be? Lucifer, the proud and crafty archenemy of all righteousness, knew the power of hunger and what men will do to satisfy its cravings. Here was another chance to thwart the designs of the Father. Not only was food a great temptation to the hungry, but the chance to exhibit great power was, to the natural man, a sore temptation. Lincoln once said, in effect, that the desire for power is one of the most compelling passions of the human heart.

Here was Satan's double opportunity. Satan: "If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread." Jesus, under the direction of his Father, had made the world. Surely, the Father would not be offended at the exercise of creative powers again. He knew now that he was the "beloved Son" of the Father. Why not satisfy his intense hunger and demonstrate to his fallen brother the power which the Creator possessed? Note the reply: "It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God" (Matt. 4:4). Satan was apt at quoting scripture, a practice often resorted to by those who are working his terrible will. The humble Nazarene came back with a ready quotation from the scriptures, which he knew so well, and which he could apply so well. Jesus had met triumphantly the first satanic onslaught. The temptation had failed.

Lucifer changed his tactics. He would try once more the appeal to power and vanity. Jesus was standing on the high pinnacle of the temple. Satan first reminded Jesus, "If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down." Again, he appealed to the scripture to prove that God would be mindful of his Son. And, again, the Lord met the challenge gloriously by quoting scripture: "It is written again, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." Of course, to have yielded, our Lord could have exploited a great feat and been advertised far and wide. That, however, is not his way of doing things, as we shall show by subsequent events. Jesus had been victorious and retained his own innate greatness. God alone determines the time and place when miracles will be performed.

Satan probably reserved his greatest temptation for his last great effort. The appeal to vanity and pow-

er is intriguing. From the top of a high mountain, Satan promised Jesus wealth, power, and glory if, in return, the Master would worship the tempter. Whether Lucifer had power to make good on his promise is beside the question. The glittering temptation was held out. Certainly, between the two of them, it could have been accomplished. The strength of Immanuel is clearly shown in his reply:

> Get thee hence, Satan: for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve (Matt. 4:10).

No wonder that, after the devil left, angels came and ministered to Christ the Lord.

Questions and Suggestions for Discussion

1. Relate the circumstances leading to the visit to the temple when Jesus was twelve years old. What convincing statement did he make which shows that he clearly understood something of his divine calling?
2. What was the outstanding message of John the Baptist? Tell briefly the incidents of his ministry.
3. Describe the baptism of Jesus. How does it prove that there is more than one member of the Godhead?
4. Discuss the experiences of the Lord in the wilderness and the preparation for his ministry.

Visiting Teachers' Messages—Our Pioneer Heritage

Lesson 5—Cultural Activities

President Amy Brown Lyman

For Tuesday, February 3, 1948

Objective: To stimulate a deeper appreciation of the different cultural activities of the pioneers in order to better evaluate in a more understanding way similar activities today.

THE foundation for cultural activities among Latter-day Saints was laid in pioneer times. Education, with drama, music, and other fine arts, all received attention and were fostered according to the resources of each community and each period. In Kirtland and in Nauvoo, schools of learning were established; and in temporary settlements on the plains, schools were held in private homes. In Nauvoo there were music and art classes, lecture courses, a debating society, and a home dramatic club. For the encouragement of the drama, a combined theater and dance hall was provided. The Latter-day Saints believed in a high type of recreation, and encouraged their children to sing, and to read and recite good literature.

In Utah, elementary schools were established at once, and, soon afterward, these were followed by Church schools, high schools, and universities. In the beginning books were scarce, but, in 1852, a library of 2,000 volumes was hauled across the plains

by ox team, and in the autumn of the same year, Wilford Woodruff arrived with two tons of books.

The drama flourished in Utah, even in the first and second decades. In the Social Hall ("Little Theater") and in the Salt Lake Theater, called by Henry Miller "a cathedral in the wilderness," first-class drama, including Shakespeare's plays, was presented by the home dramatic company, assisted later by nationally known artists.

The great Tabernacle organ, the Tabernacle Choir, and the orchestra all did their part in producing cultural atmosphere in Utah.

The Tabernacle itself, famed for its acoustic properties, was one of the great community assets, attracting many noted singers and musicians, all of whom left their impressions on the public. Adelina Patti is quoted as saying:

> Never have I encountered such perfect resonance as here in the Tabernacle. Why, my voice is twice as large here. It carried farther and with ever so much more tone than in any other hall I have ever sung in.

Salt Lake City was the natural center of cultural activities, and the patterns set there were soon followed throughout other Church communities. In every local community there was a day school, and in many of them a night school for adults. There was a choir for Church services, a singing school, some stringed music for concerts and dances, a brass band, and a dramatic club. Pageants were early introduced to portray religious and historical themes. The auxiliary organizations, avenues for individual self-expression, encouraged literary and religious study, thus developing much talent.

Many people have marvelled that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, small as it is, with less than a million members, and young as it is, just 118 years old, has been able to produce so many specialists in cultural fields; such as education, science, music, drama, art—painting and sculpturing—public speaking, and writing. The answer is that these are the fruits of the high ideals, standards, practices, and virtues set up by the Church, and of the opportunities and environment it provides.

Suggestions for Discussion

The class leader might mention a few of the Latter-day Saint educators, musicians, actors, artists, orators, and writers, and discuss, briefly, some of their accomplishments.

SILVER DEATH

Melba S. Payne

The night had cast a silent spell
Upon the scene below my window
Where the flowers sleep.
There was no way for me to tell
That night would bring a withering breath
Of hoary frost upon the vines.
How could I know that with the dawn
I'd find this silver death?

Work Meeting—Sewing

Lesson 4—Sleeve Fitting and Shoulder Pads

(A Course for Optional Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Jean Ridges Jennings

For Tuesday, January 13, 1948

WELL-fitted sleeves and shoulder pads have a great deal to do with the good appearance and comfort of clothing. Too often mistakes in the fit of sleeves are made through a misunderstanding of the pattern. First of all, the sewer must realize that for proper freedom and ease the armhole of the sleeve itself must be larger than the armhole of the dress or jacket. Beginners are prone to think that the average sleeve is too long around the armhole and attempt to make adjustments by altering its shape or size.

We must caution you first against making any change in the sleeve as cut from the pattern unless it is done for proper fit and the armhole of the blouse has been altered to correspond.

Sleeves with puffs, gathered fullness, or darts over the shoulder do not often give much trouble. But a plain sleeve that is meant to fit into the armhole of a blouse or jacket, with the finished seam fitted and smooth, does frequently cause difficulty. The extra fullness must be worked out carefully so that when complete it does not show as fullness but merely gives the room needed for the upper arm and shoulder.

When the garment is completed, the grain of the material in the sleeve should fall in a straight line down the shoulder seam. Therefore it becomes necessary to be careful to match the top of the sleeve as marked on the pattern to the shoulder seam. Do not shift the sleeve at all, either forward or backward.

With the top of the sleeve pinned properly in place and the underarm seams pinned together, work out the extra fullness that always appears in a sleeve by manipulating with the forefingers and thumbs. Stretch the armhole as much as possible and ease the sleeve into it, pinning at frequent intervals and being careful not to allow any little pleats to appear. When properly pinned in place, baste carefully with a small stitch, and finally machine stitch. If the sleeve is not put in straight as directed, it will have a tendency to pull and be uncomfortable.

Shoulder pads should be used to enhance the appearance of the garment and flatter the wearer. They should, therefore, be made to suit the individual and fit the garment. A woman with naturally broad shoulders will need less padding to adhere to the prevailing fashion than one with sloping or narrow shoulders. Each person will need to experiment with different types of pads to find out what she can best wear.

Some shoulder pads fit better placed in the armhole more to the

front. Others need to be shifted to the back, but all pads fit better if they do not extend too far beyond the shoulder. A good rule to follow for this is to have the edge of the pad extend out just far enough to make a straight line with the arm as it hangs down. Use a ruler against the arm to line it up.

Shoulder pads should not look like lumps under a dress, but should be so tailored and fitted that they do not seem to be there but merely hold the garment to a flattering line.

Literature—Literature of the Doctrine and Covenants

Lesson 5—Prayers of the Doctrine and Covenants

Elder H. Wayne Driggs

For Tuesday, February 17, 1948

Objective: To appreciate the Doctrine and Covenants as literature through a discussion of the prayers it contains, which are not unlike the lyric or song.

THE prayer, as such, is not classed with any distinct literary form of writing. It is defined as a supplication or petition which is thought of, generally, in connection with sacred matters. If compared directly to a literary form one would think of a prayer as having several qualities not unlike the poem. There is first of all a meditation of a single individual in the voicing of a prayer whether it be for personal reasons or for one acting on behalf of a group. Again, there is the element of praise which lends itself to the quality of song in speech. Third, there often is the figurative language of the lyric to enhance the beauty of the petition. Then, there is the compact phrase in the wording of a prayer that presupposes a listener's knowledge of the facts behind a supplication.

Soon after the completion of the Kirtland Temple, the Lord gave to Joseph Smith through revelation the prayer which later he used in the dedication of the building. Certain it must have been that during those hard and trying days of the saints in the then frontier country, Joseph Smith stored up in his mind and heart the struggles and heartaches of his people. The experiences, welled up over the years, gushed forth in words of supplication and praise in the day of accomplishment. To build a house to the Lord through sacrifice and tribulation expands the soul. The Prophet and his people desired a voice of gladness to echo their pent-up thoughts, and the Lord responded in a way which, today, we know as the 109 section of the Doctrine and Covenants. We will consider this prayer at length in the discussion period.

Two other beautiful prayers in the Doctrine and Covenants may be found in section 65, and section 121:1-6. The first of these is listed as a revelation and is designated as a prayer committing the keys of the kingdom of God unto man. Note the parallelism that runs throughout:

Hearken, and lo, a voice as of one sent down from on high, who is mighty and powerful, whose going forth is unto the ends of the earth, yea, whose voice is unto men—Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight. The keys of the kingdom of God are committed unto man on the earth, and from thence shall the gospel roll forth unto the ends of the earth, as the stone which is cut out of the mountain without hands shall roll forth, until it has filled the whole earth. Yea, a voice crying—Prepare ye the way of the Lord, prepare ye the supper of the Lamb, make ready for the Bridegroom. Pray unto the Lord, call upon his holy name, make known his wonderful works among the people. Call upon the Lord, that his kingdom may go forth upon the earth, that the inhabitants thereof may receive it, and be prepared for the days to come, in the which the Son of Man shall come down in heaven, clothed in the brightness of his glory, to meet the kingdom of God which is set up on the earth; Wherefore, may the kingdom of God go forth, that the kingdom of heaven may come, that thou, O God, mayest be glorified in heaven so on earth, that thine enemies may be subdued; for thine is the honor, power and glory, forever and ever. Amen (65).

In the prayer of supplication found in verses one to six of section 121 of the Doctrine and Covenants there is much of the creative power sensed in the lines not unlike that found in lyric poetry born of suffering.

Activities and Readings for Appreciation

During the time for reading and discussion of this lesson some part may well be spent in a study of modern prayer found in the Doctrine and Covenants, section 109. The following may possibly be classified as a poem of exaltation:

That thy church may come forth out of the wilderness of darkness, and shine forth fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners; and be adorned as a bride for that day when thou shalt unveil the heavens, and cause the mountains to flow down at thy presence, and the valleys to be exalted, the rough places made smooth; that thy glory may fill the earth; that when the trump shall sound for the dead, we shall be caught up in the cloud to meet thee, that we may ever be with the Lord; that our garments may be pure, that we may be clothed upon with robes of righteousness, with palms in our hands, and crowns of glory upon our heads, and reap eternal joy for all our sufferings.

O Lord God Almighty, hear us in these our petitions, and answer us from heaven, thy holy habitation, where thou sittest enthroned, with glory, honor, power, majesty, might, dominion, truth, justice, judgment, mercy, and an infinity of fulness, from everlasting to everlasting.

O hear, O hear, O hear us, O Lord! And answer these petitions, and accept the dedication of this house unto thee, the work of our hands, which we have built unto thy name; And also this church, to put upon it thy name. And help us by the power of thy Spirit, that we may mingle our voices with those bright, shining seraphs around thy throne, with acclamations of praise, singing Hosanna to God and the Lamb! And let these, thine anointed ones, be clothed with salvation, and thy saints shout aloud for joy. Amen and Amen (D. & C. 109:73-80).

The following questions may help in the study:

1. What are the things a prophet requests in prayer upon an occasion of great public moment?

2. Where are the lyric qualities of the prayer most pronounced?

3. Why would a prayer such as this be recorded in holy writ?

Social Science—Essentials in Home Training

Lesson 4—The Observance of the Sabbath Day

Elder Joseph Jacobs

For Tuesday, February 24, 1948

Objective: To show that the command regarding Sabbath day observance is just as binding on us now as it has ever been, and that through training and the formation of proper habits in the home the Sabbath will be spent worshipfully and the attendant blessings received.

Why Do We Have the Sabbath Day?

THE laxness that exists today in Sabbath observance is one manifestation of the letdown in religion. When the majority of people disregard the "Lord's day," it is a sign of decadence in spiritual matters—a spiritual lethargy. It would appear that many question the need of a day in which to worship God.

The setting aside of one day in seven to worship an Almighty Creator has come down to us from the very beginning of time. The earliest record we have of a sacred day, as recorded in the Book of Abraham 5:1-2, says:

> And thus we will finish the heavens and the earth, and all the hosts of them. And the Gods said among themselves: On the seventh time we will end our work . . . and we will rest on the seventh time from all our work which we have counseled.

Also, in Genesis 2:1-3, we read:

> Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them. And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made. And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it.

Thus, even before the foundation of this world was laid, the blueprint of its creation called for one sacred day in seven.

We read elsewhere, referring to this day, that the Lord hallowed it and called it a day of rest. And, again, from amidst the thunderings and lightnings of Mount Sinai, the word of Jehovah expressly forbade any kind of work to be performed on the Sabbath because it was a holy day. We know that the Savior recognized the Sabbath day as a day of worship, for we read in Luke 4:16, 31:

> And he came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up: and, as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the sabbath day, and stood up for to read. . . . And came down to Capernaum, a city of Galilee, and taught them on the sabbath days.

Does This Command to Observe the Sabbath Day Apply to Us Now?

To those who think that this commandment applied only to ancient Israel and that times have changed now, the following revelation, given in our day, is called to their attention:

> And that thou mayest more fully keep thyself unspotted from the world, thou shalt go to the house of prayer and offer up thy sacraments upon my holy day; for verily this is a day appointed unto you to rest from your labors, and to pay thy de-

votions unto the Most High. . . . But remember that on this, the Lord's day, thou shalt offer thy oblations and thy sacraments unto the Most High, confessing thy sins unto thy brethren, and before the Lord. And on this day thou shalt do none other thing, only let thy food be prepared with singleness of heart that thy fasting may be perfect, or in other words, that thy joy may be full (D. & C. 59:9-14).

Is the Sabbath Day Designed for Recreation?

Every president of the Church has felt impressed to make some positive statement regarding the observance of the Sabbath. We quote from only two. President Brigham Young spoke as follows:

Now, remember, my brethren, those who go skating, buggy riding or on excursions on the Sabbath day—and there is a great deal of this practiced—are weak in the faith. Gradually, little by little, the spirit of their religion leaks out of their hearts and their affections, and by and by they begin to see faults in their brethren, faults in the doctrines of the Church, faults in the organization. . . . (*Discourses of Brigham Young*, page 255; 1941 edition, page 165).

President Joseph F. Smith said:

The Sabbath is a special day for you to worship, to pray, and to show zeal and ardor in your religious faith and duty—to pay devotions to the Most High. . . . Men are not resting from their labors when they plow, and plant and haul and dig. They are not resting when they linger around the home all day on Sunday, doing odd jobs that they have been too busy to do on other days.

Men are not showing zeal and ardor in their religious faith and duty when they hustle off early Sunday morning on the cars, with teams, in automobiles, to the canyons, the resorts, and to visit friends or places of amusement, with their wives and children. They are not paying their devotions in this way to the Most High.

Not in seeking pleasure and recreation do they offer their time and attention in the worship of the Lord, nor can they thus rejoice in the spirit of forgiveness and worship that comes with partaking of the holy sacrament. . . . Such is not the course that will keep them unspotted from the world, but rather one that will deprive them of the rich promises of the Lord, give them sorrow instead of joy, and unrest and anxiety instead of the peace that comes with works of righteousness.

Let us play and take recreation to our hearts' content during other days, but on the Sabbath let us rest, worship, go to the house of prayer, partake of the sacrament, eat our food with singleness of heart, and pay our devotions to God, that the fulness of the earth may be ours, and that we may have peace in this world and eternal life in the world to come (President Joseph F. Smith: *Gospel Doctrine*, Chapter 14, pp. 307, 309).

To advance arguments in favor of taking no daily nourishment for the sustenance of the physical body would be considered very foolish. Yet there are many who fail to take seriously the advice of our leaders who tell us that our spirits need nourishment and strength just as well as our bodies. The Lord has ordained that we spend six days out of seven for the maintenance of the body and one day out of seven for rest and the feeding of the spirit. We are human and subject to many temptations. This being so, it is the tendency to favor the physical desires far above their due proportion. President Brigham Young said:

We are under the necessity of assembling here from Sabbath to Sabbath, and in Ward meetings. . . . to teach, talk, pray, sing, and exhort. What for? To keep us in remembrance of our God and our holy religion. Is this custom necessary? Yes; because we are so liable to forget—so prone to wander . . . . (*Discourses of Brigham Young*, page 256; 1941 edition, page 165).

What Factors Influence Sabbath Day Observance?

There is much in the attitude families take toward Sabbath day observance, and in the habits they incorporate into their lives. Certain standards must be set up and adhered to. If the mother and father from the outset of marriage set the proper example, then the children will grow up accepting the proper procedure for that day. They will usually conform willingly if the proper type of Sunday conduct has been the rule. True, especially when boys and girls reach adolescence, if their associates take part in unseemly activities on the Sabbath day, they may want to go along with them. They may be ridiculed if they do not, and many young people are not strong enough to take ridicule, and so they rebel at the restraint imposed upon them. This is one big reason why they should be particular in choosing friends. We are all influenced greatly by the companions we have.

In an article titled "Companionship," Elder Adam S. Bennion tells of giving a talk to a group of men in a penitentiary and of some of the things they told him after the talk:

> But what they did say without exception was: "We're here because we got in with the wrong crowd." Will you be good enough to look across your friendship list? Who are your friends, and how did you come to have them? Don't you sometimes look back and wonder? . . . I have talked with boys and asked, "Why do you go with this particular boy?" Almost invariably the answer is, "I just picked up with him . . . ." Out of ten thousand people that may live in your vicinity particularly, how many do you know? What friends have you chosen and why? I'd like to offer this suggestion while you're young. Why not cast about to find the friends that you'd choose to put in the roll that you're going to keep. That's a matter of choice. There isn't a boy who can't go out and in a few days meet ten other boys, one of whom will make his whole life different. Have you met the kind of fellow who is lifting you up? Are you meeting the kind of people that you are proud of or happy to meet, or have you just chanced into a friendship? Consider carefully, the C of chance and the C of choice.

How May We Prepare for Sunday?

When the Sabbath approaches, we must be prepared to observe it in a proper manner. We should do all we can to feed and elevate the spirit and give it the bread of eternal life. And, conversely, we should refrain from doing those things that are contrary or out of harmony with the spirit of a sacred Sabbath. Nothing should be done which will detract from the sacredness of that day.

Concerted effort should go toward planning for the Sabbath day. The preparation beforehand of clothing and food for that day contributes greatly to its proper observance. Many of us remember the days of our childhood when Saturday night was spent in polishing shoes, bathing, and laying out freshly laundered clothing for wear at Sunday School the next morning. Planning for the Sunday dinner on Saturday will eliminate unnecessary work. Many mothers work more in the preparation of the Sunday meal than any other; but we should remember the words of the Lord: "Let thy food be prepared with singleness of heart." There are many dishes that can easily be prepared the day before.

One family had the habit of spending Saturday evening studying and preparing Sunday School lessons for the following day.

"The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath." Such was the rebuke of the Master to those who prescribed ridiculous and fantastic rules for Sabbath day observance and tried to trap him. Since the Sabbath was made for man, man should have the right attitude toward it. The Sabbath is not a deprivation designed to impoverish, but is rather a high privilege designed to make life truly rich and joyful. It is largely a question of one's spiritual and intellectual capacity to devote one day out of seven to high spiritual pursuits. That capacity should be developed by all if they would truly live. Since the Creator ordained one day exclusively for rest and worship, the Church, of course, offers its members opportunities for worship on that day. A member who faithfully observes the Sabbath will probably be led to faithfully discharge his other obligations to the Lord.

No, the law of the Sabbath has not been abrogated. It has been reiterated. It is the counsel and the commandment of a loving Father, suited to his children living in this earth he created for them, to enable them to be true to themselves and to him. These are his words concerning it: "And inasmuch as ye do these things with thanksgiving, with cheerful hearts and countenances, not with much laughter, for this is sin, but with a glad heart and a cheerful countenance—verily I say, that inasmuch as ye do this, the fulness of the earth is yours . . . ." (Elder George Q. Morris: Why The Sabbath?" *The Relief Society Magazine*, September 1941).

Additional References

Discourses of Brigham Young, Chapter XIV, "The Sabbath; Meetings; The Sacrament," page 164, 1941 edition.

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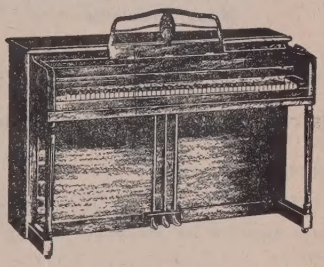

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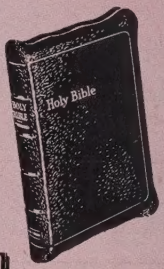

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